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"WHERE PRIMROSES GROW."

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

I hear of a grand Jubilee Football Festival at Kennington Oval at which Royalty was present, and that the proceeds of the entertainment are to be handed over to the Imperial Institute Fund. This is as it should be: the Imperial Institute is a most enterprising scheme, and if it can be carried out it can scarcely fail to afford high gratification to those who approve of Institutes. Touching football, I have always regarded it as a brainless, boorish, brutal pastime, always perilous, and very often fatal, to the players thereat. But as I fear that Mr. Wilkie Collins and myself are the only persons in England who are not passionately fond of football, I defer to the opinion of the majority, and mentally drink the health of all footballers. I grant the game to be a very ancient one. Have I not read somewhere that the priests of Apollo used, once a year, to kick about a leathern ball, which was made from the skin of Marsyas? Balls have been kicked about innumerable times since the days of the flayed musician just mentioned. But, strange to relate, the game has been repeatedly prohibited by public authority. In 1349 Edward III. forbade football in consequence of its tendency to impede the progress of archery, while James I. in the "Basilicon Doron" writes: "From this Court I debarre all rough and violent exercises, as the football, meeter for lameing, than making able, the users thereof." But the British Solomon was such a pedant and so prejudiced! He liked football no better than he did pork, tobacco, and the fish called ling.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth football was not only forbidden but punishable by law. In the eighteenth year of the Virgin Queen there was found at the Middlesex Sessions a true bill against sixteen persons, husbandmen, yeomen, artificers, and the like, "with unknown malefactors to the number of a hundred," who "assembled themselves unlawfully, and played a certain unlawful game called football, by reason of which unlawful game there rose amongst them a great affray, likely to result in homicides and fatal accidents." Finally, I find that in the twenty-fifth year of Elizabeth's reign there was a coroner's inquest at "Southemys," on the body of Roger Ludford, yeoman. It was shown that the deceased, with one Nicholas Martyn and one Richard Turvey, were playing at football in a field when Ludford ran towards the ball with the intention of kicking it; whereupon Nicholas Martyn "cum cubiti dextri brachii sui," and Richard Turvey "cum cubiti sinistri brachii sui," struck Ludford on the fore-part of his body under the breast, giving him a mortal blow and concussion, of which he died in a quarter of an hour. The jury found that Nicholas and Richard in this manner feloniously slew the said John.

I cull these two curious items of football folklore from a most interesting work just published, entitled "Middlesex County Records," being an epitome of indictments, Coroners' inquests, and recognisances from 3, Edward VI. to the end of the reign of Queen Bess. The valuable collection is edited by Mr. John Cordy Jeaffreson, and the exhaustive index is by Mr. A. T. Watson. I have ranged the "Records" side by side with the "Liber Albus," the "Remembrancia of the City of London," the "Book of the Merchant Taylors Company," and the "Calendars of Domestic State Papers." The "Records" are a treasure-house, not only of the legal lore but of the manners and customs of Tudor times. Wearing apparel, weapons, nuisances, murders, sports and pastimes, hobby-horses, looking-glasses, whistles, two-pronged forks, falcons, theatres, and hundreds of other topics are treated of so tersely yet so instructively as to make one long for the appearance of the second volume.

On Wednesday, March 16, there was, I hope, read with great éclat, at the rooms of the Society of Arts, a paper on "The Machinery and Appliances of the Stage," by my old and admired friend Mr. Percy Fitzgerald. The chair (I also hope) was taken by Sir Frederick Pollock, Bart. You may ask what "hope" has to do with this announcement. Well; it happens that I was not, or rather that I shall not be, able to be present on the occasion in question; for the reason that, ere these lines are in print, I shall be many hundreds of miles from the rooms of the Society of Arts in John-street, Adelphi; and if this is not a sufficiently confused and involved explanation, I am a novice in the art of obscurity.

Few men of letters know more about the machinery and appliances of the stage than does Mr. Percy Fitzgerald. Let him amplify his address into a book; let him compile a stage dictionary as graphic and as complete as M. Arthur Pougin's "Dictionnaire Historique et Pittoresque du Théâtre." The playgoing public want to know all about the world behind the scenes; about "sinks" and "flies," "vampire traps" and "second entrances," "sloats" and "set pieces," "flats" and "drops," "rakes" and "mezzanine floors"; and, in particular, Mr. Percy Fitzgerald might finish that "History of Scene-Painting" which the late Peter Cunningham began in the *Builder*.

Mem.: Perhaps Mr. Percy Fitzgerald will be so good as to do service to the cause of theatrical technology by telling us the proper way in which to spell the fictitious gold, thicker and more glittering than Dutch metal, which is used in the decoration of transformation scenes. Is it "orsedew," or "orsidue," or "orzydne"? And is the word really derived from the French *or* and *séduire*?

The disposition of your humble servant is, he trusts, normally pacific; yet is he constrained to confess that he has more than once involuntarily taken the lives of people who never offended him. A few years ago, I slew in this page an eminent sculptor, who most kindly wrote to say that he had quite got over the act of homicide directed against him, and that he felt quite nice and comfortable. Again, if my remembrance serve me correctly, I once killed the venerable Mr. S. C. Hall; and quite recently I had the temerity to ask for the date of the death of the Mrs. Henry Wood who, more than forty years

ago, wrote a capital book called "Change for American Notes." The lady, I am glad to say, is still in the land of the living; and, albeit eighty years of age, has assured me of that pleasing fact in a graceful and genial letter signed by her own hand. I am grateful to her for her kind forbearance, and will promise not to kill any more ladies and gentlemen—until next time.

The following little billet affords an amusing illustration of the curious communications received by the Distressed Compiler. It is obviously written in good faith, since the writer gives his name and address, and incloses a stamp for a reply:—

Dear Sir,—I shall be obliged if you can inform me what scandal the *Standard* of yesterday referred to as being at one time linked with the name of Henry Ward Beecher.—I am, your obedient servant, ***

I wrote to the gentleman to tell him that I did not deal in scandal, and that the best course for him to adopt would be to put his question to the Editor of the *Standard*. Surely there is a better part of memory which should make us remember only the good and quite forget what evil there may have been in the life of an eminent man, over whose remains the earth has scarcely closed. One knows, so far as one can know anything, that Henry Ward Beecher was human; and I suppose that he erred sometimes, as most humans do. Neither with his theology nor with his morals have I anything to do; but I always entertained, and continue to entertain, strong admiration for him as a most versatile, broadminded, indefatigable, charitable man, who in his almost incessant preaching, lecturing, and writing, was always striving according to his lights to do good in his generation. The *Saturday Review* calls him the "Barnum of American religion;" charitably remarks that he has a sufficient memorial in a record of the sums which he realised by the auction of his pews; and amiably classes the newspapers who have spoken favourably of the deceased divine with the mendicants, the mimes, and the mountebanks who wept at the death of Tigellius:—*quippe benignus erat*. Well; Hermogenes, whom Horace hated so, was a very good fellow, and so was Henry Ward Beecher.

Why does Mr. Walter Besant, one of the most talented and one of the most deservedly successful of modern novelists, so furiously rage against the publishers; and why, in the able address which he recently delivered at a Conference of the Incorporated Society of Authors, did he (to my humble thinking) strive to make young and ambitious authors imagine vain things? I could not attend the first meeting of the Conference; nor did I go to the second session thereof, as I should have been expected to say something, and I had nothing to say to which the Conference would have cared to listen.

Nothing whatever to say there; but I can tell my readers in this place that when I was young I was, for a short time, slightly ambitious to attain distinction in the profession of letters. I very soon discovered that I had not the capacity to shine in that profession; so, with cheerful deliberation, I abandoned authorship and took up with the trade of journalism which, in connection with one newspaper, I have carried on for thirty years; and some seven-and-twenty years must have passed since I first contributed to the *Illustrated London News*.

For the best part of my life, then, I have had scarcely anything to do with the publishers; but I have a keen remembrance of my dealings with booksellers in the bygone; on the whole, I have no complaints to make against them; and I should say that, taking things "all round," they have few complaints to make against me. I confess that I never thought that I was sufficiently paid for the books which I sold to the publishers; but, on the other hand, those worthy gentlemen may have been of opinion that the public never purchased a sufficient number of my books.

A gentleman in a hurry has written to the *St. James's Gazette* about "Fashion in Book Titles." The present fashion, to his thinking, is not a pretty one. "There have been times," he remarks, "when titles could be only measured by a foot rule, followed by times when the publishers looked askance at titles in more than two syllables." He continues—

As a rule, simplicity of title is nowhere more marked than in our standard books of fiction; indeed, four out of every five of the greater English novels are called after one of the characters. "Tom Jones" was enough for Fielding, "Clarissa Harlowe" for Richardson, "Humphrey Clinker" for Smollett, "Pendennis" for Thackeray, "David Copperfield" for Dickens, "Adam Bede" for George Eliot, "Lorna Doone" for one of the greatest of living novelists. The "unnatural literature" of the day has another fashion. Look at any of the bookstalls, groaning at present under their load of this kind of fiction and observe the titles—"The Corpse in the Cope," "Blackmail," "Baffled," "Buried Alive," "The Guilty River," "Living or Dead?"

I have said that the gentleman was in a hurry because, although he is perfectly right in saying that four out of five of the greater English novels are called after one of the characters, it so happens that "Tom Jones," *tout court*, was not enough for Fielding, nor "Pendennis" for Thackeray. The proper title of the first prose epic is "The History of Tom Jones, a Foundling"; and as for "Pendennis," its proper title almost requires to be measured with a foot-rule, for it runs—"The History of Pendennis; his Fortunes and Misfortunes, his Friends and his Greatest Enemy." As regards the so-called "unnatural literature" at present in fashion, I scarcely think that such romances as "Why Paul Ferroll Killed his Wife," "Lucretia; or, The Children of Night"; "The Vampire," "The Heads of the Headless," "Revelations of London," "The Mysteries of Udolpho," "The Headsman," "The Red Rover," "The Bravo of Venice," and "The Field of the Forty Foot-steps," are very modern books. Most of them, I apprehend, are more than fifty years old.

I am in receipt of a circular informing me that the house at Chelsea, inhabited for forty-six years by Thomas Carlyle, and which has remained uninhabited and precisely as he left it since his death, is now for sale, and that the freehold can be purchased for a reasonable sum. The circular, therefore, suggests that the property should be purchased and maintained as a national possession. I am content to give publicity to the suggestion without offering any opinion as to its object.

I read in one of the liveliest of the Paris papers, the *Figaro*, that a lady of rank, a Princess of the Buonaparte family, is mortally offended with the distinguished historian and critic M. Taine, in consequence of certain articles which he has recently published concerning Napoleon I. The wrath of the Altesse Impériale went so far, according to the *Figaro*, as the leaving at M. Taine's residence of a visiting card, with one corner duly turned down, and at the opposite extremity the ominous initials "P. C. C." The wrath of Madame la Princesse has all the more, so it is stated, perplexed the eminent man of letters as, prior to the publication of his Napoleonic studies, he took counsel of the Altesse, who graciously made answer: "I cannot, obviously, pass so severe a judgment as you will probably do on a man but for whom I should now possibly be selling oranges on the quay at Ajaccio; but you, M. Taine, are one of the first of French writers. I am proud to number you among my friends. I have full confidence in your tact; and I have no advice whatever to offer you." 'Tis the story of Gil Blas and the Archbishop of Granada over again.

But soft! Admitting, for the sake of argument, that the Great Lady in question did say the things set down to her, is it quite certain, after all, that had Napoleon the Great never consummated the wonderful career appointed for him, his niece might have been at this day an itinerant vendor of oranges at Ajaccio? It must be remembered, first, that the children of Carlo Buonaparte and Letizia Ramolini were, with one exception, an astonishingly clever family. Of Napoleon's genius it is needless to speak; but there is warrant for remembering that Joseph, Lucien, and Louis were all men of parts and culture, and that Pauline, Eliza, and Caroline were as talented as they were beautiful. Jérôme, to be sure, was not overburdened with brains; but his son, the present Prince Napoleon, is assuredly no fool; while his daughter, Princesse Mathilde, is well known to be a brilliantly witty and accomplished lady. Had circumstances over which she had no control compelled her in early life to peddle oranges for a livelihood, she would very soon, I should say, have been lifted from that useful but humble sphere.

Again. It has been the practice in France ever since the fall of the Second Empire—just as it was in England while we were at war with the First Napoleon—to represent the Buonaparte family as having been steeped to the lips in poverty when they inhabited Corsica. I have seen the house and the room at Ajaccio, in which Napoleon the Great was born. The house is, emphatically, a gentleman's. The bed was once a splendid one, in the Pompadour style. Madame Buonaparte used to go to mass in her sedan-chair. There is a large ball-room in the house; and in the kitchen you might cook a dinner for thirty guests. All this is scarcely suggestive of dire indigence.

I expected to find Paris full to overflowing with refugees from the Riviera earthquakes—so full, indeed, that I very much doubted whether I should be able to find shelter at the Hôtel Continental. To my delight, however, I found that, although there were plenty of people at the splendid and admirably conducted caravanserai in question, it was not overcrowded. There had been, I was told, a tremendous influx of fugitives from the south immediately after the earthquakes, but the sudden return of intensely cold weather had driven them away again. Where are they gone? Not to Rome, I hope. I am leaving for the Eternal City in a few days; and it would be a sad disappointment to be turned away from the dear old Hôtel d'Angleterre.

Mem.: In the train between London and Dover I had the advantage of conversing with a gentleman from Chicago, who inquired my destination. I replied that it was Rome. "Rather risky just now down there, ain't it?" he rejoined. I answered that I had travelled a good deal in earthquaking lands, and that in the matter of earthquakes, tempests, fevers, and so forth, I held with the old poet that "there is no armour against Fate," and was accustomed to take my chance. My companion from Chicago cogitated for a while, munching the end of his cigar, and then again broke silence. "Wal," he remarked, "maybe you'll be as safe in Rome as anywhere else; for all the old buildings look as if they'd been earthquaked over and over again; and the new ones aint worth earthquaking."

I had the honour to meet, in Paris, an esteemed lady friend who had herself been "earthquaked" with tolerable severity at Mentone, and was full of experiences of the "terremoto." According to her showing, no pictorial *tohoboku* that Breughel d'Enfer, or the Spaniard Goya, or the Frenchman Jacques Callot, ever drew could equal in grotesque horror the "stampede" of the panic-stricken inmates from the hotels and private dwellings of Mentone. Wigs, "tresses," false teeth, "dress-improvers," "illusion-waists," padded hose, had all been left behind; and it was out of their graves that, as regards thin attire, the majority of the people seemed to have come. *Gymna aletheia* is said, as a rule, to dwell at the bottom of a well; but the earthquake at Mentone brought that usually secluded nymph to a remarkable extent in the open.

Mem.: My lady informant was full of praises of the pluck, presence of mind, and chivalrous politeness displayed during the crisis by a Russian nobleman, Prince George Eristoff. The apartments of the Prince were on the ground-floor of the Hôtel des Princes; he had contrived to completely dress himself when the terrified and exiguously clad ladies came rushing down-stairs, and he hastened to their assistance, comforting the shivering fair ones with ulsters, furred pelisses, dressing-gowns, and even shooting jackets. Well; under stress of sartorial circumstances there may be much virtue in a shooting jacket. Do we not read in "Ariosto" of certain distressed damsels who, in the matter of their flowing drapery, had been as ungalantly treated as the old woman who fell asleep by the King's highway was treated by a monster in human form—a pedlar, I believe, by the name of Stout? G. A. S.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

A Polar winter without, tropical heat within, the Houses of Parliament! Legislators need to be of the stuff thermometers are made of to come coughless out of such changes of temperature as they are compelled to experience inside and outside St. Stephen's. The occasional fog which has obscured London—curiously and significantly enough since the commencement of the Session—has apparently been a source of additional discomfort to some hon. members. So much so, that Colonel Waring on Tuesday begged Mr. Raikes to place compasses on the top of the red postal pillars in town, so that belated senators, presumably, may find their way home in the dark. Amid the laughter occasioned by the petition, the Postmaster-General drily said he would take the advice of his Department on the question. But I fancy the relations of Mr. Raikes with St. Martin's-le-Grand are hardly harmonious enough to favour the institution of the street-compasses (and binnacle-lights?) the gallant Colonel calls for. Colonel Waring is none the less to be thanked for the diversion his inquiry caused in a usually dull House.

Mr. Chamberlain's clear speech at Birmingham last Saturday has naturally occasioned much comment in the House. It was made at a meeting of the National Radical Union. Obviously, from the important utterances of Mr. Chamberlain, the orchid member for Birmingham (using the term in a floricultural and not in a punning sense, *bien entendu*) is still in cordial alliance with the Marquis of Hartington. He agrees with the noble Lord that till Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues abandon their old position with respect to the granting of a sweeping measure of Home Rule to Ireland, all Liberal Unionists must continue to support the Government of Lord Salisbury, and inflexibly maintain their electoral organisation, with a view to securing the election of Liberal Unionist members. Whilst Mr. Chamberlain avowed himself anxious to promote Liberal reunion by any reasonable compromise, he distinctly pointed to Mr. Gladstone as the obstacle to a settlement: "I venture to say that there is one man, and one man only, who can restore the unity of the Liberal Party, and that is Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Gladstone knows exactly what is the nature and the character and the importance of the conscientious objections which we took to the proposals in his two Bills. He knows, and he alone knows, whether it is possible for him now to meet those objections. He knows that our objections were not to his principle, as he stated it, but to his method of dealing with the Irish question. If he sees his way, all difficulty is at an end. In that case, a settlement may be arrived at at once." It remains to be seen whether, in answer to this challenge, Mr. Gladstone will hasten to make the desired concessions demanded by Mr. Chamberlain on behalf of the Liberal Unionists. A little mutual giving way would doubtless solve the problem.

The House of Lords yet bears off the palm for legislation. In that conciliatory and suave style of which he is master, Lord Stanley of Preston on Monday moved the second reading of the Railway and Canal Traffic Bill, and succeeded in advancing it a stage, though not before it had been subjected to much criticism by Lord Brabourne and other Peers of experience on boards of directors. Exception was taken to the composition of the proposed new Railway Commission. But if the measure cheapens the cost of carriage of goods, both the public and the railway companies will benefit. Returning, like a giant refreshed, from his Saturday to Monday holiday at Windsor, the Marquis of Salisbury on Tuesday well-nigh carried the Bench of Bishops with him in Committee on the Church Patronage Bill. The Premier secured the support of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Lichfield, and carried his amendments improving the constitution of the Council of Presentations. Looking at the Commons, Lord Salisbury doubtless rejoices inwardly in having a Secretary for Ireland after his own heart in the person of Mr. Arthur Balfour, who certainly made his debut with firmness.

The serenely confident nephew of Lord Salisbury first reconnoitred Mr. Dillon and his brother Home Rulers from the vantage point of the Treasury bench in his capacity as Chief Secretary for Ireland on the night of his return from Dublin. Thus armed and equipped for the fray, Mr. Balfour on Monday and Tuesday answered the Parnellite interrogations unflinchingly and with coolness. Questioned on Tuesday by Mr. Lane as to the telegraphic order which led the police at Youghal to make the bayonet charge which resulted in the death of the fisherman named O'Hanlon, Mr. Balfour was warmly cheered when he firmly replied that the Government approved Captain Plunkett's telegram, though they regretted the necessity which gave rise to the fatal charge. Later, he reminded Mr. T. P. O'Connor that no less than twenty-one policemen had been injured at the Youghal disturbances. Sterner work is in store for Mr. Balfour. Albeit a comprehensive measure to facilitate the purchase of land in Ireland is foreshadowed as the sugar-coating, so to speak, of the coming fresh Crimes Prevention Bill, the Parnellite members will, it is feared, exhaust every form of Parliamentary obstruction to arrest the progress of the latter measure.

Mr. Stanhope on Monday bravely held his own as civilian Secretary for War against a host of military reformers. Colonel Duncan's earnest crusade in favour of the employment of the barbette system on coast fortifications warded off by Mr. H. S. Northcote, Mr. Stanhope had to reply not only to General Sir E. Hamley's vigorous advocacy of a large and comprehensive system of coast defences calculated to repel any invader anxious to follow the example of William the Conqueror, but also to the strictures of General Fraser and General Sir Havelock-Allan, Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, Colonel Hughes-Hallett, and other gallant officers. Mr. Stanhope then easily secured the votes for 149,931 men and £4,522,000.

Mr. Smith has not made much progress with his Procedure rules, but is probably satisfied at present with having practically secured the adoption of the effective method of Closure which will empower the Speaker to "put the question," and cut short irrelevance promptly, at the suggestion of any member. This principle once agreed to, the House may well leave it to the Speaker, or to the Chairman of Committees for the time being, to see that every legitimate amendment has a fair amount of consideration. They are not likely in these days to curtail the liberties of the Commons. But they should have full authority to restrain license of debate and obstruction.

The Earl of Dartmouth is Lord Lieutenant of Staffordshire, in place of Lord Wrottesley, who has resigned.

The Earl of Sheffield has subscribed £50, and the Duke of Devonshire £20, towards the funds of the Sussex Association for the Improvement of Agriculture.

General Feilding, commanding the South-Eastern district, has decided on the country round Whitfield, to the north of Dover, as the site for the Easter Monday review. Colonel H. H. D. Stracey, of the Scots Guards, has been appointed to command the Dover marching column of volunteers at Easter, and Colonel F. J. Herby, 2nd Regimental District (Guildford), the Eastbourne marching column.

THE NEW SECRETARY FOR SCOTLAND.

The appointment of Mr. Arthur Balfour to be Chief Secretary for Ireland left vacant the office of Secretary of State for Scotland, which has been conferred upon a Scottish Peer of ancient family and important position in the country, already initiated into the public service, and an active promoter of beneficial and useful undertakings. The Marquis of Lothian is the Right Hon. Sir Schomberg Henry Kerr, Knight of the Thistle, Earl of Lothian and Earl of Ancrum, Baron Ker of Newbottle, and ninth Marquis of Lothian, in the Scottish Peerage; and Baron Ker of Kersheugh, Roxburghshire, in the Peerage of the United Kingdom. Every reader of the romantic legends of the Scottish Border is familiar with the name of that famous old house, the Kers of Cessford, who in the fifteenth and sixteenth century were the rivals and foes of the Scotts of Braxholm and of Buccleuch, and who held, in the eastern counties, on the banks of the Tweed and Teviot, the feudal military office of Warden of the Border, under the Kings of Scotland. The "Lay of the Last Minstrel," in a terribly prophetic verse that clings to the memory, declares that the feud between the Kers and the Scotts could never be appeased; but this unhappy prospect seems to have been dispelled, in 1569, by a marriage between those two families, and the example has been followed down to our own times. The Kers, Kerrs, or Carrs, their name being variously spelt, were divided at that period into two branches, that of Cessford and Cavertoun, and that of Ferniehurst; the former of the two branches was ennobled, in 1600, with the peerage of Roxburghe, which has been advanced to a dukedom. The Kers of Ferniehurst intermarried with those of Cessford, and obtained from King James VI. the barony of Ker of Newbottle, and in 1609 the earldom of Lothian. A younger member of the family, known in England as Robert Carr, was a great personal favourite of our James I., who created him Viscount Rochester and Earl of Somerset. The fourth Earl of Lothian was raised to the rank of Marquis in 1701. The fourth Marquis was a distinguished officer in the army of the Duke of Cumberland, and was wounded at Fontenoy; he married a great-grand-daughter of the Duke of Schomberg, one of William III.'s Generals in Ireland. The present Marquis was born in 1833, and succeeded his elder brother in 1870. He married, in 1865, a daughter of the fifth Duke of Buccleuch, and has six children.

"WHERE PRIMROSES GROW."

The country boy and his sister know where to find, in the earliest days of spring, the pale golden flower with its crumpled dark green leaves, growing in tufts on a sunny turf-bank; as much like the late Lord Beaconsfield as a violet is like Lord Randolph Churchill. Sweet rural simplicity, how strangely has thy floral symbol been adopted by political partisanship!—in memory of a statesman concerning whom it may be said that

A primrose by the river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.

But the freshness and innocence of this favourite English flower had been celebrated by many of the English poets. In Chaucer's description of the Court of Love, there is a lady who smites a man through the heart by throwing at him a "true-love," which was a primrose with four or six petals, instead of five, the ordinary number. This rare variety of the blossom, with the mystic significance attributed to it, which is similar to that of the "four-leaved shamrock" in Ireland, the theme of one of the prettiest love-songs, is discussed more largely by Donne. He walks on a "Primrose Hill," where it seems as though every drop of rain from the sky had become one of those bright flowers, making a "terrestrial galaxy" more numerous than the small stars in the heavens. There he seeks one that shall be worthy of the best-loved of her sex:—

That 'tis not a mere woman that is she,
But must or more or less than woman be.
Yet know I not which flower
I wish, or six or four;
For should my true-love less than woman be,
She were scarce anything; and then should she
Be more than woman, she would get above
All thought of sex, and think to move
My heart to study her, and not to love;
Both these were monsters; so my hopes were spent.
Live, primrose, then, and thrive
With thy true number, five;
And women, whom this flower doth represent,
With this mysterious number be content."

The comparison of groups of primroses to constellations of stars is repeated by Fletcher, Shirley, and other poetical writers; but more frequent allusions have been made to the "ratheness" or early development of this flower, which often appears long before winter is past, as Burns calls it "the firstling of the year." It is really not a delicate but a hardy plant; yet, since its bloom cannot be expected to live on till the season of summer flowers, a compassionate observer, with Milton, could speak of the primrose as one "that forsaken dies"; one "no sooner born than blasted," like an infant dying in the cradle, "fading timelessly"; and even go so far as to call it "Summer's chief mourner," ascribing its decease to the hot kiss of the too amorous sun. This melancholy view of the fate of the primrose is not altogether borne out by the fact in Nature. It is questionable whether, "too soon deceived by suns and melting snows," as Kirke White says, the confiding plant is commonly destined prematurely to lose its blossoms "withering in the northern blast"; and we very much doubt the correctness of Shelley's remark, that "storms may break the primrose on its stalk." However, the poets will insist on making this flower an emblem of fragility; Spenser and Shakspeare have led the way, and it is hard to contradict a notion so beautifully expressed as that of the "pale primroses, that die unmarried ere they can behold bright Phoebus in his strength"; which is, we are informed, "a malady most incident to maids." All the more appropriate, some will think, to the career of the late Lord Beaconsfield:—

Oh that so fair a flower so soon should fade,
And through untimely tempest fall away!

Yet the following verse of an ode of Shenstone's might now, perhaps, be addressed to some lady patroness of the Primrose League:—

When deafened by the loud acclaim
Which genius mixed with rank obtains,
Could she not spurn the wreaths of fame,
To crop the primrose of the plains?
Doth she not sweets in each fair valley find,
Lost to the sons of power, unknown to half mankind?

The poll for the election of two verderers for the Northern Division of Epping Forest took place yesterday week, the result being for Sir Fowell Buxton, 282; Mr. E. H. Buxton, 270; Mr. Chilton, 72; Mr. Palmer, 48.

By permission of the Lords Committee of Council on Education Mr. Whitworth Wallis, F.R.G.S., is delivering a course of three lectures on Pompeian Art and Architecture, in the lecture theatre of the South Kensington Museum. The first was given last Saturday evening; another will be given this (Saturday) evening; and the third, next Saturday evening.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

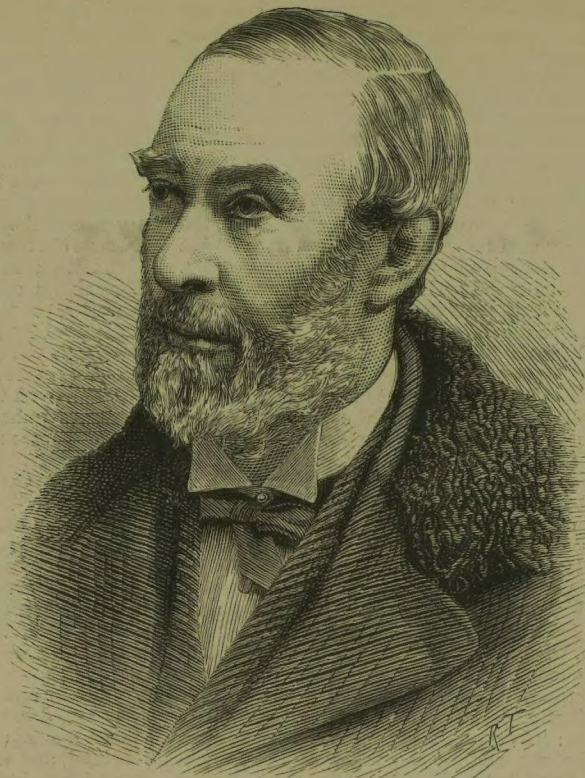
Miss Kate Vaughan in her dancing is charmingly provoking. She is always turning us into Oliver Twists, and making us "ask for more." Her art is to entice, never to satisfy. In the old Gaiety days, I do not believe anyone had really enough of the graceful steps and consoling movements of this pretty lady; she always seemed to stop short when everyone wanted her to go on, as much as to say, "There! you have had quite as much as is good for you at present. Good-night!" It is the very same thing with the enchanting minuet in the revived "School for Scandal." I do not care how many times the dance is encored; it leaves off with exactly the same impression, that we are unsatisfied. Lady Teazle, in the dance, is as tantalising as Juliet, and just the same kind of pretty tease. But the minuet, with its old-world grace, its lightness, its buoyancy, and its inexpressible suggestion of poetic charm, is a thing to be seen. There are half-a-dozen other dancers or so who may be doing their work ill or badly, but the eye rests only and solely on Lady Teazle, whose every movement is a study, every pose a picture. Since the days of pretty Nelly Moore, at the Haymarket, I have seen no such girlish Lady Teazle as Miss Kate Vaughan. Your Lady Teazle on the stage is usually a buxom and matronly person, who has long forgotten the evenings at home over a game of Pope Joan with the curate. She knows, as a rule, far more about the world and its wickedness, the school and its scandal, than all the Mrs. Candours and Lady Sneerwells in creation. But Miss Vaughan gives one the idea of a clever, quick-witted, country girl, innocent at heart, who has assumed all these fashionable airs because it is the thing to do. She has got into the swim of fashion and scandal, and she must make the best of it. The woman's heart is still pure; her honour is safe from all the specious arguments of Joseph Surface; but Lady Teazle does as the world doth, says what it saith. She is careless, not criminal. This is surely what Lady Teazle ought to be. Her bantering scenes with Sir Peter are full of girlish petulance and roguery; but when the mask has fallen and her eyes are opened, the woman's heart speaks with irresistible force. Miss Kate Vaughan's reading of Lady Teazle is one of the most original, and in many points most satisfactory, of the many modern readings of the part. No one should go away with the impression that it is a pretty Lady Teazle because her representative dances and dresses well. It is no new success of the costumier, or the toes. It is an understandable woman, and a very human one, after all. The rest of the company is very fair indeed. Mr. Fernandez has not yet quite mastered the peculiar spirit and flavour of old comedy, and is better in emotional scenes than in pure comedy; Mr. Forbes Robertson, a good careful actor, is light, but not quite refined enough for Charles Surface; and such characters as Mrs. Candour, Moses, and Trip, usually acted to death and spoiled for the sake of so-called comic effect, are admirably played by Mrs. Billington, Mr. Lionel Brough, and Mr. Sidney Brough, who may be congratulated on their moderation and their undoubted sense of humour. The most astonishing thing in the whole play is the performance of Joseph Surface by Mr. Forbes Dawson. The absolute cleverness shown in misunderstanding the whole text and carefully misrepresenting the entire character is probably unexampled in the history of acting. To give us a Joseph so utterly dissimilar in every point from Sheridan's creation is a work of positive genius.

"The Snowball," recently revived at the Globe, is merrily played enough. Scribe is one of the favourite authors of Mr. Sydney Grundy, and he never fails to transfer him to the stage with skill. There is not a line too much in the clever dialogue; not a forced or laboured movement in the whole play. The question is whether it is not too slight a meal for the coarse appetites that have hitherto gorged on the vulgarest of farces. Mr. Charles Hawtreay is advancing to the front as an admirable comedian of the light and genteel school. Mr. Grundy calls his "Snowball" a farcical comedy. Had Mr. Penley played Felix Featherstone it would have been all farce and no comedy. But between Mr. Hill and Mr. Hawtreay farce and comedy are nicely divided. Mr. Hawtreay is not content with rattling through a merry part, merely speaking the words, and allowing the fun to come as it can. He has evidently a true sense of humour, and can realise the situation of a nervous man who is the innocent victim of his own joke. The scenes between Mr. Hawtreay and Miss Fanny Brough were admirably played. There was moderation and restraint on both sides. I know it is the fashion to praise comic acting that is all grimace and attitude. Comic actresses are dreadfully self-conscious as a rule. But that was not the art of that first of comic actresses, Mrs. Keeley. She got her laugh without pantomime and somersault. Miss Fanny Brough, an admirable actress, belongs to this same good old school of restraint and reflection. Her acting of the servant Penelope is as artistic in its way as anything one would desire to see. She held the audience by her admirable decision and her command of every situation in which she was concerned. She did not hop, skip, and jump about the stage, grimacing, but stood still and looked. And there was a world of meaning in that look, mark you; it was comic, it was humour. Mr. Hill is always funny, and the young folks, Mr. Draycott, Miss Vane Featherston, and Miss Horlock, were all good; but the best art was shown by Mr. Hawtreay and Miss Fanny Brough.

In connection with the Dramatic Students I spoke the other day of elocution and the indifference displayed towards this lost art by the majority of the young actors and actresses of the day. And yet, by taking the trouble to go up to the Steinway Hall, any Saturday afternoon, they might all hear one of the very best of living elocutionists, and get a pleasant lesson at the same time. The stage has lost a really fine actor in Clifford Harrison. Last Saturday he spoke—and acted—Manfred's death-speech as well as anyone could desire. Without dress, or scenery, or accidental help of any kind, he brought before us a picture that lingers on the mind. Mr. Harrison has a noble voice, he is graceful in every movement and attitude, and he has improved marvellously of recent years as an elocutionist and actor. He cannot give to his hearers the heart that moves an audience to tears or that electric chord of sympathy that is beyond purchase, or the vivid power of imagination that makes poetry speak and dead voices eloquent. But he can teach the enthusiast how poetry ought to be spoken, how the voice should be produced, the value of emphasis, of pause, of tremble. He can emphasise the difference between melody and mumbling. And yet, often as I have "sat under" Mr. Clifford Harrison, I have never yet seen one single actor or actress in the room. They crowd in shoals to the dullest, the stupidest, and most ignorant matinées. They tread upon one another's heels to hear poetry murdered and fine thought mangled. They fill their ears with weekly doses of rubbish, but they pass Mr. Clifford Harrison and the Steinway Hall contemptuously by. They regard as an "amateur" one who knows more about acting and the actor's art than nine tenths of the profession. They would sooner sweep the stalls and boxes at a matinée with a lorgnette, to see who is who, and how many new bonnets, or scandals, are evident, than spend a spare hour with words that charm and thoughts that burn. C. S.



THE MARQUIS OF LOTHIAN,
THE NEW SECRETARY OF STATE FOR SCOTLAND.



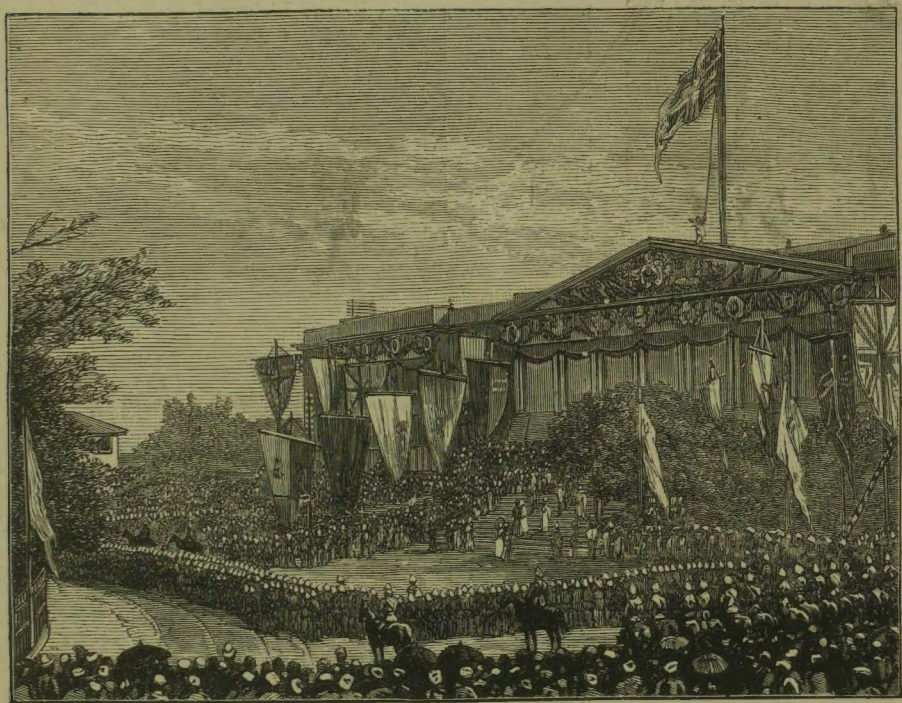
SIR FRANCIS COOK, BART.,
DONOR OF ALEXANDRA HOUSE, HOME FOR LADY STUDENTS.

THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE IN INDIA.

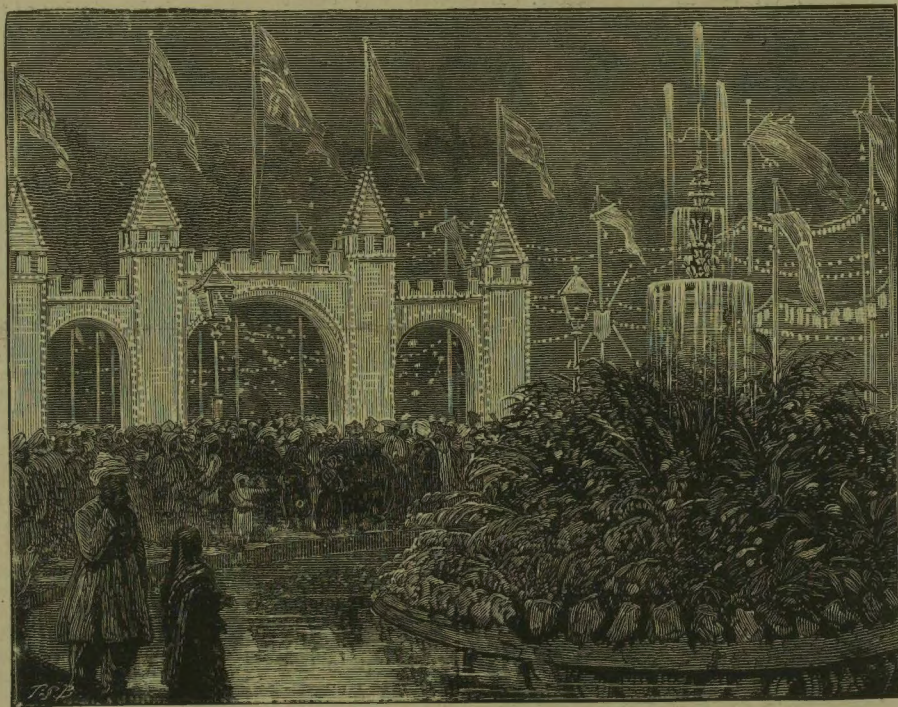
The fiftieth year of Queen Victoria's reign has already obtained festive celebration in the capital cities of different provinces of her Indian Empire. These proceedings took place on Feb. 16 at Calcutta, Bombay, Delhi, Lahore, and many towns in the North-western and Central Provinces, and in the loyal Native States; also at Mandalay, in the newly annexed dominion of Burmah. At Calcutta, the Viceroy of India, Lord Dufferin, with the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Frederick Roberts, reviewed

the garrison troops on the parade ground; afterwards attended, with Lady Dufferin, a thanksgiving religious service at the cathedral, where the "Te Deum" was sung; and in the afternoon, at a public assembly held on the grand stand of the racecourse, ninety-two deputations from various bodies, municipalities and local communities, educational institutions, representatives of trade, of the professional classes, and of different races and religions in Bengal, presented to his Excellency their addresses of congratulation, to be sent to the Queen. They were introduced by the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal. Lord Dufferin made

an eloquent speech, assuring them that her Majesty, the Queen and Empress, watches over the interests of the people of India with affectionate solicitude; and officialism would that day stand aside, leaving them face to face with her, to whom they had expressed their honest and trustful devotion. The military bands played the National Anthem, and there was a display of fireworks in the evening. On the same day, thanksgiving services were held at the English, Scotch, Roman Catholic, and Greek churches, the Jewish synagogues, and the Brahminical temples. By order of the Viceroy, 23,307 prisoners



HOISTING THE ROYAL STANDARD AT THE TOWNHALL.



NORTH ENTRANCE TO THE FAIR.



CENTRE OF THE FAIR.



QUEEN'S STATUE AND TRIUMPHAL ARCH.



1. Alexandra House.
2. A Sitting-room.

3. The Concert Hall.
4. The Lady Superintendent.

5. The Lady Chef.
6. The Doulton Room.

7. A Bed-room.
8. The Drawing-room and Library.

ALEXANDRA HOUSE, KENSINGTON, THE HOME FOR LADY STUDENTS OF ART, MUSIC, AND SCIENCE, OPENED BY THE PRINCESS OF WALES ON MONDAY.

for minor offences and for debts, throughout India, were released upon this happy occasion.

At Bombay, from which city we have received Illustrations of the Jubilee festivities, the proceedings began at eight in the morning with a parade of troops. Afterwards, Lord Reay, the Governor, drove in State to the Townhall, which was finely decorated, and received address from the Municipality, the University, and public bodies in parts of the Presidency. The scene was a striking one. The Governor stood, surrounded by the naval and military officers, the civic officials, and natives of rank, at the head of the lofty steps leading to the façade of the Townhall, there being in front an open space kept by soldiers, sailors, and volunteers. The streets, windows, and roofs were crowded with natives, who displayed great enthusiasm. The Governor made a speech; he said that the Queen's wisdom and experience had in critical times been of immense benefit to the nation. The characteristic of her reign was the activity of moral forces among the people. Industrial education, which had been initiated by the late Prince Consort, was the great want of India. The progress of India was largely due to the ability of the Civil Service. The pledges of the Queen's Proclamation had been redeemed. The relations between England, India, and the Colonies had never been more cordial; and it was the Throne which most united Englishmen. At the conclusion of this speech, the Royal Standard was unfurled, a salute was fired, and cheers were raised by the vast crowd. There was a procession to the Cathedral, where choral thanksgiving services were held. In the evening, Lord and Lady Reay met the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and a procession of carriages was formed, the Governor, with their Royal Highnesses and Lady Reay, occupying the leading one. They drove through the principal streets, which were brilliantly illuminated with festoons and coloured lamps on the walls, and with gas devices with the words "God Save the Queen," "We are Happy," "England and India United," placed over the windows. The arches of the Victoria Railway terminus were lighted with electricity; the effect was very fine. The University tower and hall, the Post Office, and the Secretariat buildings were adorned with coloured lamps, the whole constituting a highly effective spectacle. The procession moved down to the pier, and there were the shipping in the harbour, all lighted up with beautiful effect. The Governor's party afterwards drove to the fair on the Esplanade, filled with thousands of sightseers, and here the Queen's statue was seen in a great arch, splendidly lighted up. The Governor, Lady Reay, and the Duke and Duchess finally drove to Government House. The rejoicing displayed by the people has never been surpassed in Bombay.

The celebration began at Poonah on Sunday, Feb. 13, with a special service. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught gave a State ball on Monday, the rooms being superbly decorated. Their Royal Highnesses dined at the club on Tuesday, when the Duke delivered a short but earnest address, which was much cheered. He held a grand parade of troops on Wednesday, and afterwards rode through the fair to the poultry show. The Duke and Duchess left for Bombay in the afternoon. Three thousand Eurasian and European children went in procession to the fair, singing the National Anthem. A durbar was held in the evening, and the gardens and bridge were illuminated. Fireworks were displayed on the river, and there was a general illumination of the city and the cantonments, which was witnessed by immense crowds of people.

Our Illustrations are from a series of photographs taken by Mr. Herbert Gawthorn, of Bombay.

THE COURT.

Her Majesty received the Leader of the Opposition as well as the Prime Minister at Windsor Castle last week. Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone with Lord and Lady Herschell and Mr. John Morley had the honour of dining at the Castle with the Queen in company with the Danish and Spanish Ministers on Wednesday week. The Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury and Lady Gwendoline Cecil visited her Majesty at Windsor on Saturday, remaining at the Castle till Monday morning; Viscount Cranborne being honoured with an invitation to join the Royal circle on Sunday evening. Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein dined with her Majesty and the Royal family on Saturday evening. The Queen and Royal family, and the members of her Majesty's household, attended Divine service in the private chapel on Sunday morning. On Monday, her Majesty held an investiture in the White Drawing-room, the Queen being accompanied by Princess Beatrice. In the evening Prince Albert Victor of Wales, attended by Captain the Hon. A. H. Greville, arrived at the Castle. General Sir Lintorn Simmons, G.C.B., Governor of Malta, and Sir William Stuart, K.C.M.G., C.B., also arrived, and had the honour of being included in the Royal dinner party. His Royal Highness Prince Albert Victor of Wales (who is proceeding to Gibraltar for infantry instruction with the King's Royal Rifles), took leave of her Majesty on Tuesday morning. Her Majesty arranged to come to town on Thursday, to hold a Drawingroom at Buckingham Palace on Friday. The Queen will be accompanied by Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry of Battenberg on her visit to Birmingham on the 23rd inst.

The Prince and Princess of Wales on March 10 celebrated the twenty-fourth anniversary of their wedding day by giving a children's ball at Marlborough House. In consequence of the Prince of Wales having to be present at the celebration of the ninetieth anniversary of the birthday of the Emperor of Germany at Berlin on the 21st inst., his Royal Highness and the Princess of Wales will not visit Ireland during the Punchestown week, as was anticipated. The Prince of Wales, by command of the Queen, held the second levée of the season at St. James's Palace on March 11. The Prince of Wales and Prince Albert Victor last Saturday visited Kennington Oval to witness two football-matches in aid of the funds of the Imperial Institute—Middlesex v. Lancashire and the Corinthians v. Preston North-End. At the annual festival of the London Orphan Asylum the Prince presided on Saturday night. In response to his appeal for aid, a sum of £5000 was subscribed. The Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor and Princesses Louise, Victoria and Maud, were present at Divine service on Sunday. The Princess of Wales performed the ceremony of opening Sir Francis Cook's Alexandra House for Art Pupils at Kensington on Monday morning. Her Royal Highness was accompanied by the Prince of Wales, Prince Albert Victor, and Princess Victoria. The Prince of Wales, attended by Colonel Ellis, was present at the third concert of the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society, at Prince's Hall, Piccadilly, in the evening. The Prince of Wales went to the House of Lords on Tuesday.

The Princess of Wales, Princess Christian, Princess Frederica, Baroness Von Pawel-Rammingen, and Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck, have consented to become patronesses of the "Grand Bazar Français," in aid of the unwedded French Protestant institutions and charities in London, under the superintendence of the Pasteur Du Pontet de la Harpe, B.D., to be held at the Townhall, Kensington, on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday.

ALEXANDRA HOUSE, KENSINGTON.



GOLDEN KEY PRESENTED TO THE PRINCESS OF WALES AT THE OPENING OF ALEXANDRA HOUSE.

The Princess of Wales, on Monday last, accompanied by the Prince of Wales, Prince Albert Victor and Princess Victoria of Wales, and Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck, opened the new building called Alexandra House, at Kensington, adjacent to the Royal College of Music, intended to be a home for young lady students at the various schools of art, music, and science in London. Her Royal Highness, in 1883, became president of a committee for the purpose of erecting this institution, upon which a munificent gift, from Sir Francis Cook, of Richmond, has bestowed a suitable edifice, built expressly for the institution, completed and furnished in proper order, at the sole cost of that gentleman, upon a site granted by the Exhibition Commissioners of 1851. The contractors, Messrs. Lucas Brothers, have constructed the building at prime cost of materials and labour, which example has been followed by special contractors and furnishers. The design for the building was prepared by Mr. C. Purdon Clarke, C.I.E., who in 1883 went to America to study similar buildings. His plans were transferred to the late Mr. Robert Down for execution; Mr. Clarke, as an officer of the Science and Art Department, not having time to attend to the work. The building comprises fifty-six suites of rooms, and in each suite two students are allotted two bed-rooms and one sitting-room between them. A large concert-hall, in which there is an organ presented by Mr. Frederick Cook, a gymnasium, a suite of practising-rooms for instrumental music and art studies, are also provided. An extensive range of kitchens occupies the top floor of the building, whilst the dining-room, 90 ft. in length, is placed in the basement. The large drawing-room is made to serve a double purpose, being also the library, surrounded with dwarf bookcases and cabinets containing a collection of books presented by Mr. Wyndham Cook. The building is solidly constructed in hard red brick, the only portions selected for special ornamental treatment being the entrance vestibule in glazed terra-cotta, the concert-hall and drawing-room, all of which are in the Jacobean style. Sir Frederick Bramwell contributed a scheme of lighting and ventilation, carried out under his immediate superintendence by Messrs. Galloway, of Knott Mill Ironworks, Manchester, at prime cost. Messrs. Broadwood and Sons placed at the disposal of the institution a large number of pianos. The Porcelain Manufactory at Worcester, Messrs. Bradford, of Manchester, Messrs. Elkington, of Regent-street, Messrs. Webb, of Stourbridge, Messrs. Starkie Gardner, Vincent Robinson and Co., the American Elevator Company, Gillow and Co., Doulton and Co., Willis and Co., have aided to furnish portions of the building at prime cost. Messrs. Doulton, in addition, gave a series of large pictures in tile-work for the decoration of the dining-room, as well as handsome fire-places and mantelpieces in the principal rooms, and the figures at the entrance, designed by Mr. Ledward. Messrs. Chubb and Sons presented all locksmith work for the building. At the commencement of last autumn session, sixty-five students, twenty-five of them scholars of the Royal College of Music, took up residence, under the management of Miss Palmer, the lady-superintendent. The institution is also open to students of the Royal Academy, and of the Art classes at South Kensington.

The opening ceremony was performed in the concert-hall, which was decorated with palms, shrubs, ferns, heaths, and flowers. The students of the Royal College of Music formed a choir on the platform, in front of which was a crimson dais, with chairs of state for the Royal party. Among the company were Lord Cranbrook, Sir Lyon Playfair, Mr. Mundella, Sir R. Webster, the Hon. and Rev. Carr Glyn, Lord Charles Bruce, Colonel Hughes-Hallett, M.P., the Archbishop of Canterbury, Sir George Grove, Mr. Arnold Morley, M.P., and Mr. and Mrs. Kendal. Sir Francis Cook, Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen, and Mr. Lucas had the honour of receiving their Royal Highnesses at the entrance. The Princess of Wales was presented with a bouquet by Miss Mabel Cook, and Princess Victoria received one from the students. After visiting the laundry, the gymnasium, and other departments in the basement, the Royal visitors ascended to the drawing-room, where several presentations were made, and two suites of rooms were inspected before their Royal Highnesses entered the concert hall. Here, as they were escorted to the dais, Dr. Parratt accompanied on the organ the chorus "God bless the Prince of Wales." Mr. Charles Wood, a young musician attached to the Royal College of Music, conducted an ode of his own composition, addressed to the Princess, the words and music being effectively rendered by the choir. As honorary secretary, Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen then read a report, and the donor of the building next addressed the Princess of Wales, into whose hands he now begged to put the completed work. At the conclusion of Sir Francis Cook's address, a golden key, bearing vignette portraits of the Prince and Princess of Wales, was presented to her Royal Highness by Sir G. Hayter Chubb, immediately after which the Princess declared the Alexandra House open.

The Prince of Wales, who was warmly received, then said: "Ladies and gentlemen, before the proceedings of the day close I am desired by the Princess to thank both Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen and Sir Francis Cook for the addresses which they have just read, and to assure them of the gratification it gives us all here present to be at the opening of Alexandra House. I am sure we ought all to feel very much indebted to the munificence of Sir Francis Cook for having given this very handsome and most useful building. It will be an immense boon to this part of London, and an immense advantage to those of the students who find a difficulty in acquiring suitable lodgings close to the educational institutions they are attending. In years to come the name of Sir Francis Cook will not be forgotten in South Kensington for the philanthropy he has shown in having had this building erected for so laudable a purpose. I not only beg to thank him, but I beg to thank also Mr. Lucas for the admirable manner in which he has constructed the building. I desire also to express my acknowledgments for the services rendered by the architect,

Mr. C. Purdon Clarke, and by Mr. Robert Down, and also to express my thanks to Mr. Doulton for the handsome present he has made of the work he has done here, and to the other gentlemen who have co-operated in bringing the building into its present condition."

Their Royal Highnesses then left the building, in which many visitors remained to inspect the rooms, furniture, and appointments.

Our Portrait of the founder and donor of Alexandra House is from a photograph by Messrs. Byrne and Co., of Richmond. Sir Francis Cook, Bart., son of the late William Cook, Esq., of Roydon Hall, Kent, was born in 1817; he is head of the firm Cook, Son, and Co., warehousemen, of St. Paul's-churchyard, and in Portugal bears the title of Viscount Montserrat, of Cintra. He was created a Baronet last year. Sir Francis married, in 1841, a daughter of the late Robert Lucas, Esq., of Lisbon; and, since her death, in 1884, a daughter of Mr. R. B. Claffin, of New York. He has two sons, Mr. Frederick Lucas Cook, born in 1844, who is married and has children; and Mr. Wyndham Francis Cook, born in 1860; and a daughter, the wife of Lieutenant-Colonel Sartorius, V.C.

THE HITTITE INSCRIPTIONS.

Modern explorations and careful researches, more particularly those in the science of language, are slowly but surely giving us glimpses farther back into the past history of the world. Names of races and nations, which were little more than empty words, are being brought out into clearer light. Every day now, we may say with truth, is adding to our knowledge; it is either the explorer who has come upon a lucky find, or it is the student at home, who has penetrated into the mystery of some inscription formed of previously unknown characters and language. The Hittite inscriptions have been for some years back a dark puzzle to our philological savants; but at last it is declared that the riddle has been read; the characters have been deciphered, and the language has at last been found out. Mr. James Glaisher, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Palestine Fund, in a letter to the *Times*, has announced that Captain Conder, R.E., has successfully solved the problem of interpreting these inscriptions. A letter from Captain Conder to Mr. Glaisher has also appeared, containing translations of fragments of some of the inscriptions; but as yet he has given no clue to the theory on which he works. This will appear in the course of a very short time, in the form of a small volume, to be published by the Palestine Exploration Fund. Captain Conder has long been known in connection with the Palestine Exploration Fund as a most successful explorer, as well as an able writer on archaeology; but should the new discovery he lays claim to be ultimately justified, he will stand on much higher ground in the future as an expounder of Scriptural and Oriental knowledge. It should be noted that this will be an additional success in the operations of the Palestine Exploration Fund, who have been most lucky in the men of the Royal Engineers who have acted for them. First they had Sir Charles Wilson; then Sir Charles Warren; followed by Conder and Kitchener—all men who have done good work for their country, as well as in science and archaeology.

The Hittite inscriptions were at one time known by the word "Hamah," the ancient Hamath, on the Orontes, where they were first noticed, and were mentioned by Burckhardt as far back as 1812; but it was not till 1872 that Dr. William Wright, of the British and Foreign Bible Society, made casts of them. Dr. Wright was the first to point out that "Hittite" was the correct name to be used, and he has lately published a very interesting volume on the "Hittites." Squeezes had been made by Mr. C. F. Tyrwhitt Drake, but they were not good ones. Captain, now Sir Richard, Burton published rude copies of them in his "Unexplored Syria" in 1872; Professor Sayce read papers on them at various times to the Society of Biblical Archaeology; and Mr. W. H. Rylands, the secretary of that society, has published a very complete set of all the known inscriptions in the "Transactions" of the Society, Vol. vii., 1882. The late Mr. George Smith, the well-known Assyrian scholar, with Mr. Skene, discovered the site of Carchemish, the ancient capital of the Hittites, now known as Jerabis or Jerablus; it is on the Euphrates, about forty miles north-east of Aleppo. This, of course, was an important discovery, as it helps, by giving the geographical position of the Hittite Empire, to throw light on its relation to other nations of antiquity. One very promising relic also turned up. This was a silver boss, which had on it a standing figure of a man, and a bilingual inscription: one in the Hittite characters, and the other in cuneiform; it belonged to a M. Alexander Jovanoff, of Constantinople, who had obtained it in Smyrna. Professor Sayce discovered a cast of this in the British Museum, and having two kinds of characters upon it, he hoped he had found the "Rosetta stone of Hittite decipherment." This hope was based on the supposition that the Hittite characters would contain the same meaning as the cuneiform inscription, which could be easily read. The translation of the cuneiform as given by Professor Sayce is:—"Tarrik-timme, King of the country of Erme." But the number of characters turned out to be too few to help much towards any solution of the problem.

Scholars, of course, set to work at the decipherment of this unknown form of writing, and many attempts have been made to read it. Papers and short communications on the proposed modes of translation have been published, or read at the meetings of learned societies, by Professor Sayce, Dr. Hyde Clarke, the Rev. Hayes Ward, D.D., of New York, and the Rev. Dunbar J. Heath; and the Rev. Charles James Ball, M.A., read a paper on the subject to the Society of Biblical Archaeology as late as Feb. 1 last, in which he propounded a scheme of decipherment.

When an entirely new character of writing turns up, such as this we are dealing with, the first great difficulty is to determine what is the language of the inscriptions; or, at least, to what family of tongues it belongs to. When this is accomplished, half the battle has been gained. Up to the present, one student takes it to be Semitic; while another affirms that it must be non-Semitic. The way in which Captain Conder has passed this portal of his subject will be an interesting point to know. In his "Syrian Stone-Lore," lately published, it would appear that he had been working at the Hittite characters as being closely allied to the Egyptian hieroglyphics. Judging from that, as well as from some other indications, and from the recognised antiquity of the Hittites, it is just possible that he may have looked on their speech as pre-Semitic, and perhaps as pre-Hamitic as well, if that is a possibility. The inscriptions have one peculiarity—the characters are all in high relief—which is much more difficult to produce than incised letters; from this Professor Sayce comes to the conclusion that they were first engraved, or produced by a repoussé process, on silver, a favourite metal of the Hittites. Another peculiarity is that the mode of writing is in the manner known as *boustrophedon*—that is, written from right to left, and from left to right, in each alternate line, "as an ox moves in ploughing." We shall, in our publication of next week, give some Illustrations of these inscriptions, which will show what their appearance is like.

(To be continued.)

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will of the late Earl of Iddesleigh, deposited on Monday last in the Exeter Probate Court, gives the personal estate at £23,000. The Countess of Iddesleigh receives a legacy of £500, the late Earl's personal effects, and the furniture and lease of the town-house in St. James's-place. There is a bequest of £1400 to each of the younger children, in addition to other provision made for them under settlement. The present Earl has been bequeathed the presents made to the deceased by the Queen and any member of the Royal family, the jewels and insignia of his orders, the family pictures and plate, the residue of the personalty after payment of the bequests, the family seat of Pynes, and the whole of the real estate. With respect to the MS. left to the present Earl, with permission to publish particulars deemed expedient, the late Lord Iddesleigh requested that in any case of difference of opinion arising, his executors should be "guided by the advice of my friend, the Right Hon. W. H. Smith, in whose judgment I place full confidence."

The will (with four codicils) of the late Sir Joseph Whitworth, Bart., of Stancliffe, in the county of Derby, who died at Monte Carlo on Jan. 22 last, was proved in the Principal Registry by Lady Whitworth, his widow, and Messrs. Richard Copley Christie and Robert Dukinfield Darbishire, the executors, on the 12th inst., the personal estate being stated as £393,521, less debts, £32,301—net, £361,220. The provisions of the will are materially altered by the codicils; but the substance of the testator's provisions is as follows:—He charges his estate with the payment of £100,000 to the President of the Council, being the capital of the fund for providing the Whitworth Scholarships, and confirms arrangements under his marriage settlement. He leaves to Lady Whitworth certain chattels, and the enjoyment of Stancliffe Hall, with the furniture, pictures, and contents thereof, and 250 acres, at her selection, in connection therewith (the hall and grounds to be maintained by the trustees at the cost of the estate), and an annuity of £3000 per annum in addition to the provision for her made by the settlement. He leaves legacies to relations and others, and the following bequests (duty free) to institutions:—To Owens College, two hundred shares (£5000) in Sir Joseph Whitworth and Co., Limited; to the Institute of Civil Engineers, eighty of the same shares (£2000); to the Institute of Mechanical Engineers, forty (£1000); to the National Life-Boat Institution, forty (£1000); and to the Orphan Houses, Ashley Downs, Bristol, twenty (£500) of the same shares. After the death of Lady Whitworth, all his pictures painted by members or Associates of the Royal Academy are bequeathed to the Corporation of Manchester. The residuary real and personal property are left to Lady Whitworth and Mr. Christie and Mr. Darbishire, equally, for their sole use and benefit.

The will (dated March 21, 1876) of Mr. Thomas Shaw, late of No. 6, Hyde Park-square, who died on Jan. 14 last, was proved on the 28th ult. by James Robert Mellor, the surviving executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £102,000. The testator gives various sums of railway stock and sums secured on mortgage, amounting to about £23,000, upon trust, for his daughter Mrs. Isabella Leith, for life, and then for her children; his residence, 16, Hyde Park-square, and the furniture and effects, to be sold, and one half the proceeds held, upon trust, for his said daughter Mrs. Leith; and the other half, upon trust, for his daughter Mrs. Anne Jane Mellor; and some other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his daughter Mrs. Anne Jane Mellor, for life, then for her husband, for his life, if he survives her, and then for her children.

The will (dated Jan. 9, 1880) of Mr. Charles Cotton Ferard, late of Ascot Place, Winkfield, Berks, who died on Dec. 5 last, was proved on the 23rd ult. by Charles Agace Ferard and Arthur George Ferard, the sons, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £54,000. The testator bequeaths £2000, and certain furniture, books, household goods, and plate to his wife, Mrs. Emily Jane Ferard. His mansion house, Ascot Place, and all the residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trusts, for accumulation, and ultimately portions of £6000 are provided for each of his younger children, with certain annual sums for maintenance in the meantime; and subject thereto for his eldest son, Charles Agace.

The Irish Probate, granted at Dublin, of the will (dated Feb. 14, 1883), with a codicil (dated April 20, 1886), of Mr. Samuel Law, late of Kilbarrack House, in the county of Dublin, who died on Nov. 1 last, to the Rev. Robert Samuel Law and Thomas Pakenham Law, Q.C., the sons, the executors, was resealed in London on the 12th ult., the aggregate value of the personal estate in England and Ireland amounting to over £47,000. The testator appoints certain moneys in settlement, of the value of about £10,000, as to £4000 for his son Thomas Pakenham; and as to the remainder to his daughters, Harriet Helen, Sarah Katherine, and Louisa Augusta. He leaves £2000 to his daughter, Mrs. Fowler; his horses, cattle, and farming stock at Boyne View Farm to his son, Robert Samuel, who succeeds to his settled landed estates; and some other legacies. The residue of his property he gives to his said three daughters, Harriet Helen, Sarah Katherine, and Louisa Augusta.

The will (dated Feb. 27, 1879), with a codicil (dated March 8 following), of Mr. Robert Blake Humfrey, J.P., late of Wroxham House, Norfolk, who died on Oct. 15 last, was proved at the Norwich District Registry on the 18th ult., by Mrs. Charlotte Blake Humfrey, the widow, and Robert Harvey Mason, the son, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £46,000. The testator devises his mansion house at Wroxham, and his residence within the precincts of the cathedral church of Norwich, to his wife, for life, and then to his son Robert Harvey; his estate at Wroxham (charged with the payment of £300 per annum to his wife), and all his manors, messuages, advowsons, lands, and estates at Tulhouse and Great Dunham, Norfolk; at Bedfield, Tarmington, and Heningfleet, Suffolk; and at Heigham, Norwich, to his said son Robert Harvey; and his hereditaments at Reepharm and Kerdiston, Norfolk, and a cottage and land at Horstead, to his wife, for life, and at her death settles the same upon his son Thomas. He bequeaths £300, jewellery, and certain plate to his wife; the remainder of his plate, and his furniture, pictures, china, books, horses, carriages, indoor and outdoor effects to his wife, for life, and then to his son Robert Harvey; £10,000 to his last-named son; £3000 to his daughter Caroline, if unmarried at the time of his decease, in addition to £7000 Consols already given to her; £4000 to his son Thomas; and legacies to a cousin and to his carpenter. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his sons Thomas and John and to his daughters Margaret, Eleanor, and Caroline, in equal shares.

The will (dated Sept. 30, 1886) of Mr. Robert Metcalfe Atkinson, late of No. 6, St. Germain's-place, Blackheath, who died on Dec. 31 last, was proved on the 14th ult. by Mrs. Anna Day Atkinson, the widow, and the Rev. Albert Brooke Webb, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £27,000. The testator gives £1500, upon

trust, to maintain a market-house, reading-rooms, library, offices, and refreshment-rooms in the township of Hawes, in the parish of Aysgarth, in the county of York, on a site which he expects will be provided; but if a site is not provided within three years, or if any intoxicating liquors are sold, the money is to be held, upon trust, for his wife; £200 to the minister and churchwardens of the said township, upon trusts, for investment, and to apply the income in the purchase of blankets and warm clothing, to be distributed on Dec. 2 in each year to the poor of the said township of the age of sixty or upwards; £200 each to the Bible Society, the Church Pastoral Aid Society, the Church Missionary Society, the Society for Promoting Female Education in the East, the Irish Church Missions for the South of Ireland, and the London City Mission; his horses, carriages, furniture, and effects, and £300 to his wife; £6000, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then as she shall appoint; certain freehold property and two rent-charges in the township of Hawes to his nephew, Thomas Coates, for life; and numerous other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his wife.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of office of the Commissariat of Fife, of the settlement and codicil (both executed Aug. 20, 1880) of Sir Robert Anstruther, Bart., of Balcaske, Fife, who died on July 21 last, granted to Sir Ralph William Anstruther, Bart., the son, and sole executor nominate, was resealed in London on the 18th ult., the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to over £44,000.

The will (dated Jan. 9, 1887) of Mrs. Susannah Beloe, late of Queen-street, Gravesend, who died on Jan. 14 last, was proved on the 26th ult. by James Bird, George Bird, and William Joseph Homewood, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £22,000. The testatrix bequeaths £500 to the Rev. Frederick Strange, for the spread of religion in foreign parts, and towards building a new church at Port Said; £250, each, to the National Hospital for the Paralysed and Epileptic, Queen-square, Bloomsbury; the Royal National Life-Boat Institution, the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the Gravesend branch of the Girls' Orphanage (Miss Sharman's), Harmer-street; the Gravesend Hospital, the Albert Endowment Fund in connection with St. Thomas's Almshouses, Gravesend; the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, Old Kent-road; the General Post-Office Orphanage, Her Majesty's Customs Orphanage, the Home for Little Boys, Farningham; St. Andrew's Water-side Mission, the School for Indigent Blind, the Hospital for Consumption and Diseases of the Chest, Fulham-road; the Cancer Hospital, Fulham-road; and the Boys' Home, Parrock Hall, Gravesend; £100 to the Anti-Vivisection Society, and many other legacies. The residue of her property she gives to the said James Bird.

The will (dated Nov. 28, 1872) of Mr. Walter White, late of No. 2, Wilton-terrace, who died on Jan. 6 last, at Bourne-mouth, was proved on the 14th ult. by Major-General Raymond Herbert White, the brother, and surviving executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £20,000. The testator leaves the property expectant on the death of his mother to his brothers, Raymond Herbert and Edward, and to his sister, Fanny; and the residue of his property to his mother and to his said two brothers and sister.

SKETCHES IN BURMAH.

We are indebted to Lieutenant-Colonel H. V. Elton for sketches of the troops being conveyed up the river from Tonghoo to Ningyan, in the rainy season; of the town of Yemethen, with its old fort, which has been occupied by British troops; a leat, or artificial watercourse, for the irrigation of the paddy-fields, near that town, much overgrown with lotus, water-lilies, and other aquatic plants, the haunt of many species of birds; and a view on the Sittang river near Ningyan, with the wooded hills above its banks, often the lurking-place of bands of dacoits. The Sittang, on which Tonghoo is situated, two hundred miles north-east of Rangoon, is a large river flowing nearly parallel with the Irrawaddy, from which its valley is separated, on the west side, by the Yoma range of mountains; it passes from the Shan provinces and the Karen highlands, south-east of Mandalay, to enter Pegu, and reaches the Gulf of Martaban at some distance above Moulmein.

It has not been the plan of Sir Frederick Roberts to employ any large columns in Upper Burmah, at any rate not outside the Shan States and the Yan country. The tactics he decided on last November were to constantly attack and pursue with small columns the various bands which were disturbing the country. By a system of unceasing pursuit of these bands with cavalry and mounted infantry, there is little doubt that the insurgents will soon be completely demoralised and broken up, and will cease to offer resistance. The country can then be thoroughly disarmed, and police posts established. Good work is being done in the most disturbed districts, and there is an appreciable improvement in the general condition of the country. During several months past, the troops have been more or less engaged with dacoits and insurgents in the Sagaing, Yea, Alou, Ruby Mines, Minbu, Kutha, Mingyan, and Yemethen districts; and a considerable quantity of arms have been collected. The Commander-in-Chief was evidently determined thoroughly to do the work of crushing the insurgents and pacifying the country. In the first week in March it was proposed to send back to India all the troops which formed part of Sir H. Prendergast's original force. After this withdrawal, the garrison of Upper Burmah will be reduced to 10,000 men, the British regiments selected to remain being the 2nd Battalion Royal Munster Fusiliers, 1st Battalion South Yorkshire Regiment, 2nd Battalion Royal West Surrey Regiment, 1st Battalion Rifle Brigade, two batteries of Artillery, and two companies of Sappers. The Indian troops will consist of the 1st Madras Lancers and the following Infantry regiments: 2nd and 3rd Hyderabad, 13th, 15th, and 21st Madras, 1st, 12th, and 18th Bengal, 27th Bengal (Punjab), and all the Bombay Infantry at present quartered in Burmah.

The Yan country—a large district on the western bank of the Irrawaddy, opposite Pagan, inhabited by semi-savage tribes—maintained during the time of the Burmese Kings a semi-independent position. The Yan hills, as seen from the Irrawaddy, are barren and forbidding. Little is known as to the Yan country, but it is reported to be fertile in the interior. The Yans have been called on to acknowledge our supremacy, and to allow a garrison to be established in a fortified post of their country. Until recently, the Yans seemed inclined to submit, but two of the petty Alompra pretenders, who were giving trouble in the Pagan district, have been forced to take refuge in the Yan country, and secured some support there. Two columns have been sent into the Yan country—one from Myschie and the other from Pokoko, at the mouth of the Chindwin. During the present season the extensive and fertile valley of the Chindwin will also be explored and occupied. In the future it is probable that this valley will be one of the most prosperous and best revenue-paying districts in Burmah.

Mr. George Augustus Sala has promised to give, during the present season, a popular lecture entitled "What I Saw and Did in Australia and New Zealand," in aid of the funds of the Royal Hospital for Children and Women (late Royal Infirmary), Waterloo Bridge-road.

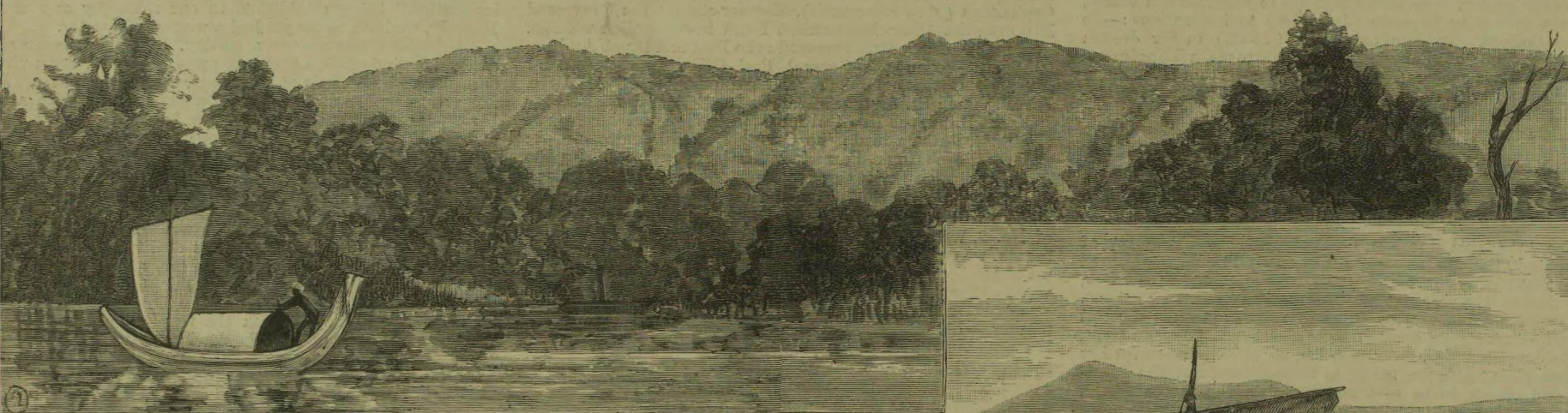
THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Assuredly, if a "consolation prize" were offered for the worst and lowest on the list of suggestions for forms of celebration of the Queen's Jubilee year, that distinction would be awarded by impartial judges to certain persons who want to found a vivisection laboratory in honour of the occasion. Those good people who are going to provide their town with a new cemetery as a commemorative institution might put forth a claim to the prize; but the vivisectionists should have it, if I had the awarding of it. The late Sir Erasmus Wilson, who set up Cleopatra's Needle, bequeathed all his property to revert on the death of his wife (he being childless) to the Royal College of Surgeons. That legacy is now received by the college, and is found to amount to £200,000. The vivisectionists pine to get hold of this sum, to found an "Institution for Physiological Research." "Pourquoi faire des économies?" Dr. George Hoggan used often to hear a vivisection master say; "take another dog, or begin on the other side!" Dogs are cheap; and rabbits are not costly. But the ovens for baking them, and the refrigerators for freezing them to rigidity, and the engines to keep up their respiration when it is about to fail under torture, and the curare that paralyses movement while leaving sensation, and the elaborate frameworks, and troughs, and muzzles, and cages, and all the other apparatus of agony, do run into money. Besides, "Research" asks its daily bread, and cruelty must be fed. So the practitioners of this noble art have made their appeal for the Erasmus Wilson bequest to be devoted to their benefit, in honour of the present moment, "when an endeavour is being made to strengthen the Empire by the consolidation of the Colonies." Her Majesty, who is a great dog lover, will undoubtedly hear with disgust of any attempt, however distant, to associate her reign specially with "the endowment of physiological research." Public opinion, the vivisectionists admit, is against them. "There is little prospect," they say, "of the Government establishing such an institution, or of its being founded by public subscription." Every tender-hearted woman will hope that "there is little prospect of such an institution" being established in our midst by any means. Happily, we have never yet had a woman vivisector.

Perhaps we may see one, some day. There are women of all sorts, though doubtless there are some vices and some virtues specially characteristic of either sex, taken as a whole. It is, however, a serious mistake to talk about Woman, with a very big W, as an entity, a creature with fixed and definite mental and moral characteristics, the same in every case. "I will not believe that woman can be man till she is reduced to the condition of a zoological specimen," said a learned Judge once, referring to the provision of the English law that the term "man" includes "woman." I wish gentlemen, otherwise in possession of their reason, could be persuaded to cease the absurd practice of talking as though the millions of living women were in character merely zoological specimens, all essentially alike, and differing only in trifling, inconsiderable minutiae. There are women and women; as Mrs. Poyser puts it: "God Almighty made 'em to match the men." They match on the heights of genius and goodness—in the great intellect of a Mary Somerville, in the practical and benevolent wisdom of a Florence Nightingale, in the passion of holy pity of an Elizabeth Fry, in the high imagination of a Charlotte Brontë, in the sustained poetical feeling of an Elizabeth Browning, in the political ability of a Harriet Martineau—and through every grade of public and private life till the abysses of wickedness in one path, or the sterile sands of stupidity in another, are reached, still by men and women in company. There is no such thing as "Woman" the entity, Woman the zoological specimen of psychology, of whom either sense or silliness, goodness or wickedness, may be lumpishly stated.

This ought to be a truism, but the way in which clever men are constantly heard talking shows that it is, nevertheless, necessary to state the truism in so many words occasionally. Mr. Edmund Gosse struck on this rock of generalising about "Woman" at the meeting of the Society of Authors. He announced that there were two classes whom "we" hoped to help—viz., the half-successful authors and women. Woman (said he) can write; but there is one lesson she apparently cannot learn, and that is to manage business affairs. Mr. Gilbert had said that the lady novelist never would be missed; but Mr. Gosse did not agree with that opinion: her small circle would miss her supply of innocent amusement, and "we" would try to save her from suffering extinction through her own unbusinesslike incapacity; and so forth. The ladies present—and they formed a large part of the audience—did not arise *en masse* and suppress Mr. Gosse, as the meeting as a whole did Mr. Brett, R.A., when he compared anonymous journalism to anonymous letter-writing, and hoped that literature might soon be raised from "the gutter where it is now wallowing." But though the ladies sat silent under Mr. Gosse's sweeping and depreciatory estimate of "Woman's" business faculties, and under his kind and condescending promises to chivalrously fight the dragons who eat the "lady novelist" up—though they sat silent, still they did not like it. The fact was that we had not gone to the meeting with any idea that we were to assist at the foundation of a new benevolent institution, specially designed by philanthropic men in order to assist unbusinesslike "Woman" to continue, as "a lady novelist," to supply twaddle to "her small circle." We reflected that George Eliot, Charlotte Brontë, and Jane Austen amongst the dead, and Miss Braddon, Mrs. Oliphant, and Mrs. Lynn Linton (to mention only another trio) amongst the living, are of the "Woman" genus and of the "lady novelist" species; so that an entire society formed for the patronage and assistance of the race seemed unnecessary. I think there was little doubt that Mrs. Fenwick-Miller carried the meeting with her when she asked that the Society of Authors should be simply recognised as an association in which men and women of letters were to work together on an equal basis for a common object—the advantage of all literary persons.

Mr. Gosse meant to be kind, undoubtedly; and he would not have been aggravating instead but for that fatal habit of generalising about "woman." Of course, there are many women who are incapable of taking care of themselves when dealing with astute men of business. So there are many unbusinesslike literary men; look at poor Leigh Hunt for example. But I will grant that there are probably many more women in proportion than men in this case, simply because the female incapacity is more concentrated on literature than the male. There are so few professions open to gentlewomen that those which are available get entered on the ground of gentility and possibility, rather than on that of conscious fitness, more often by women than by men. In plainer words, there are bad men of business amongst stockbrokers, lawyers, doctors, merchants, manufacturers, and half a dozen other occupations—as witness the bankruptcy returns; while the bad women of business are mainly found to be either teachers or authors, because these are almost the only "genteel" employments open to the sex. Thus, anybody interested, and well-informed behind the scenes, in the business doings of authors and publishers, may well get a somewhat exaggerated impression of "Woman," as unable to learn how to take care of "herself."



1. View of Yemethen, from the Ningyan road.

2. Hills on the Sittang river, near Ningyan, frequently occupied by dacoits.

3. Tonghoo to Ningyan, by river, in the rainy season.

4. The Leat, at Yemethen.

SKETCHES IN BURMAH, BY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ELTON, 16TH NATIVE INFANTRY.



MR. CHARLES WYNDHAM AS "DAVID GARRICK," AT THE CRITERION THEATRE.

ART EXHIBITIONS.

Messrs. Tooth and Sons (5 and 6, Haymarket) are foremost in the field with their Spring Exhibition, and the works it includes merit notice before our attention is wearied or our taste jaded by the inevitable surfeit of the next three months. In point of number, the English and foreign pictures are pretty evenly balanced; but it is scarcely so with regard to the interest they provoke. Mr. Heywood Hardy is specially strong in two scenes of the road, one of which is "A Mail Coach Stopping at the Cross-roads" (19) to pick up a lonely lass for London, and the other, "The Old Pike Gate" (26), through which horsemen and hounds are hastening homewards after a pleasant run on a bright day, of which the evening lingers in the sky. Mr. Burton Barber's "Lost Chord" (58), with the chubby child with her violin, cannot fail to become popular. The expression of sympathetic misery displayed by the foxhound, whose sense of harmony has been shocked, is made more apparent by the affected indifference shown by the kitten, who would seem to be not wholly a stranger to the cause of the catastrophe. Mr. Leader sends a fine, but somewhat hard, evening landscape (66); but his smaller picture, "On the Lugwy" (90), is scarcely above his average "pot-boiler"; and the two small pictures by Mr. Luke Fildes, "A Venetian Girl" (77) and "A Lily Among Flowers" (96), scarcely rise above the same level. The latter is a small replica of the large picture exhibited at Burlington House. Mr. James Webb, who displays remarkable versatility, is represented by "A View of Cadiz" (88) which can be only described as a "dry" Clarkson-Stanfield. Mr. F. Goodall's "Calypso" (12) is a startled lady on a green background, but whether awaiting or regretting Ulysses the picture fails to convey. Mr. Aubrey Hunt's "Milk-Girl of Papendrecht" is rowing her rough boat upon a canal of paint, and consequently the efforts she has to make are explicable. Mr. F. Brangwyn, on the other hand, displays no small skill and considerable originality in his treatment of "Fallen Monarchs" (53)—a raft of fine trees being piloted among the white-painted ships at anchor. Of the foreign artists Mdlle. Rosa Bonheur claims precedence by the right of her sex; but although her "Picnic Party" (87) shows in the old vixen's fur and pose some of the artist's early power, there is little novelty in the treatment of the little foxes, who come tumbling through the sedges and reeds to dispose of the rabbit their mother has caught. José Gallégo's "Captious Critics" (43) shows that this clever artist can produce carefully-finished as well as effective work; and in this picture, which is scarcely more than cabinet size, he has introduced a score of figures, each of which is a miniature study. The critics are half-a-dozen priests, seated in their richly-carved chairs, listening to a knot of choristers in white and red rehearsing the Easter Hymn, whilst behind these a group of old musicians, in sombre dresses, stand out against the richly-carved stonework of the choir. Herr Philips sends two richly-coloured single figures, "La Châtelaine" (48), bearing a dish of fruit, and "Music, Heavenly Maid" (52), leaning on a guitar—both cleverly painted, but otherwise uninteresting. In gorgeousness of accessories, however, they fall short of M. Jacquet's "Chanson d'Amour" (38), a richly-attired lady at a harp, who is singing to an indolent gentleman leaning over the back of a brocaded settee. Edouard Frère's last work (24) shows that up to the time of his death his powers had not waned. It is a pleasant little group of a peasant mother working in front of a window, whilst beside her two little children are playing. The two full-length female figures, Schäfer's "Purity" (5) and De Blaas' "Flower-Girl" (67), are both strongly representative works—the former a semi-classical statuesque figure in white, surrounded by white lilies; the latter a full-blooded Venetian, surrounded by masses of rich colour, strongly painted, and very interesting to those who can recall Mr. Fildes' treatment of a similar subject. Herr K. Heffner's "Seashore" (68) is quite a fresh specimen of this clever painter's powers, and the effect of the rich haze on the wet sands is excellent; but the windmills seem remarkably small in comparison with other objects in the landscape. Among the other works may be noticed Billet's "Weary Wait" (65), Dade's "On the Ebb Tide" (87), D. Farquharson's "On the Clyde" (21), and K. Déry's "Merrie Jest" (105).

At the Fine Art Society's Gallery (148, New Bond-street) is to be seen a series of one hundred and twenty pictures and drawings of life "In Picardy," by Mr. David Murray. Although we are not prepared to endorse all that the writer of the introduction to the catalogue says respecting the ignorance of the majority of English travellers respecting this part of France, yet we readily admit that the valley of the Somme has not hitherto found amongst us a more sympathetic illustrator than Mr. Murray. He not only adapts himself to his surroundings with singular ease, and can paint after the manner of the French school when working in France, but he has caught the spirit (or the trick, some may call it) of more than one of his momentary inspirers. Painters so dissimilar as Corot, Millet, Daubigny, and even Decamps, as "In Heaven's Magnificence" (99), have by turns served Mr. Murray as guides in his interpretation of French scenery. Perhaps three of the most successful, forming a little idyll of a fisherlad's life, are "The Shrimp-net" (40), "The Sun Shines Hot" (62), and "On the Dunes" (77), in all of which the contrast between man's labour and the peaceful rest of sand and sun is strikingly depicted. In such works as "River Mists" (73), and the "Edge of the Marais" (111) we have a soft, dreamy treatment of light and landscape, with which the sharp outlines of the "Valley of the Somme" (15), the "Uncertain Glory of an April Day" (29), and "Dawn" (90), contrast. To the majority of travellers the truth of such bits of northern French life must be patent; but Mr. Murray takes us out of the beaten track when he shows us such episodes as "The Reed-Reaper" (44), ankle-deep in blue water; the "Duck-Huts on the Marais" (53), and the "Duck-Shooter" (4) among the reeds. These, with such works as "The Voice of Spring" (3), an apple-tree, beside the brook, just breaking into blossom; "Wayside Watering" (15), a Picardy lane bordered by high trees; the series of little studies (47-50), and the group (78-85), show Mr. Murray at his best. In some of the larger works his efforts after artistic effect have made him do a certain violence to nature. Even in Picardy the peasants do not reap their corn whilst it is still green; their fields are not a-flutter with poppies (11) until the harvest is near; nor is it easy to understand the depth of blue of the stagnant pool (20) over which white fleecy clouds are passing. "The House of Sorrow" (76) is not only a clever bit of brushwork, but has a pathetic feeling which is absent from the "Fête des Morts" (65), which, if it refers to All Souls' Day (Nov. 2), hardly finds the foliage in so green a state. "By the Somme-side" (32), "Towing" (89)—a woman performing more than her fair share of the day's task—and "The Eel-Net" are pleasant reminiscences of river life, as seen in a district scarcely farther distant from us than Warwickshire, but as distinct as sunshine and peat fires are from furnace fog and coal smoke. It is the sense of light and sunshine which pervades French life, even at its hardest, that makes a collection of pictures like this so interesting.

Mr. Wimperis, who, a few doors further on (Messrs.

Dowdeswell's, 133, New Bond-street), is giving his impressions of "Wild Nature," seems to have taken David Cox, rather than the French landscapists, as his guide. The scenery which he has selected lends itself to this treatment, for nowhere better than in the New Forest can the artist find trees and foliage which offer finer scope for his powers; and nowhere in this country, perhaps, is the sky more varied and flecked by the soft clouds which are blown straight from the Bay of Biscay, or the broad Atlantic. In such scenes as "The Foot-bridge at Brockenhurst" (4); "The Rough Road on the Moor" (26), with its tearful glimmer of the misty morn; in "A Wooded Valley" (31), and "On the Lyndhurst Road" (35), Mr. Wimperis shows a complete mastery of his subject, and in a few bold, broad touches brings the scene before one's eyes with power and truthfulness. A more ambitious but not less successful work is "Carting Sand" (18) with the gleam of sunlight on the wet shore; but it is in his little "Cottages at Brockenhurst" (50), with wind and rain striving for mastery, that we trace most clearly the influence of Cox and Constable upon Mr. Wimperis's work. In his rambles we can follow him from the "Suffolk Marshes" (40) and "Carbis Bay" (86) to the "Siabod Flats" (68), near Capel Curig, or to that splendid, though distant "View of Snowdon" (45) which one obtains from Penrhyn-Dydraeth; but it is chiefly in his South of England series that he will rely for the attractions of this "harvest of the quiet eye" which he has garnered within the past two years.

At the Goupil Gallery (117, New Bond-street) Messrs. Bousso, Valadon, and Co. have on view, in addition to an interesting collection of French pictures, a large "panoramic" view of Lord's Cricket-ground, with portraits of its principal frequenters. The actual subject chosen is a match—Australia v. England—treated in what our German friends would call a subjective style. "England," represented by Messrs. W. G. Grace and W. W. Read at the wickets, is on the defensive, whilst Australia, under the form of Mr. Spofforth (not the redoubtable Tory agent, but the "demon bowler"), is eager to get behind the first line of the English defence. Prominent amongst the crowd of onlookers are the Prince and Princess of Wales, who, rather than the cricketers, form the central point of the picture. This seems to us to be the principal drawback to a work which, in its engraved form, cannot fail to be popular with all lovers of our most distinctly national game; and which, moreover, includes numerous admirable portraits of those who, as professionals, amateurs, or onlookers, are reckoned as the representatives of the Marylebone Club. It is almost needless to add that it is in honour of the centenary of that "institution" that Messrs. Barrable and Staples have produced this effective work.

At Spencer House (St. James's-place) there is to be seen, up to Tuesday next, a collection of works of art which should attract every amateur. It includes a few interesting historical mementoes lent by her Majesty, of which the most attractive is a gold and blue enamel box with a portrait of the Duchess of Cumberland; a large case, containing ornaments of all sorts and descriptions, lent by the Prince of Wales; and upwards of 160 specimens from the Duke of Cambridge's almost unrivalled collection of snuff-boxes. Sir George Dasent contributes some fine pieces of Old English and foreign silver-work, amongst which a low silver-gilt bowl (189), with Tudor designs and dated 1545, is the most noteworthy. But amongst the specimens of metal the half-dozen gold dishes, &c., by Benvenuto Cellini, lent by Lord De Mauley, are amongst the finest specimens of the goldsmith's art to be seen in any private collection. The miniatures, of which there are at least four hundred, include the pick of the well-known collections of the Earl of Dartrey, the Earl of Arran, Mr. Lumsden Propert, Mr. Jeffrey Whitehead, Mrs. Pender, and the Earl of Minto, and others, and include specimens of the work of Petitot, Hunter, Isabey, Cosway, &c. The Duke of Leeds and Lord Hillingdon contribute selections of Sèvres porcelain, and Mr. Willoughby Loudon, of old Chelsea; the Earl of Arran, a collection of old fans, and Mrs. J. F. Austen, specimens of old Spanish, Venetian, and other lace. Last, but not least, we should not pass by without notice a pair of candlesticks of Limoges enamel, with the monogram of Henri II. and Diane de Poitiers. In this brief summary we have alluded only to the most prominent features of this collection, which contains, besides, numerous works of art which must be almost, if not quite, unique. There are, in addition, a number of water-colour drawings, etchings, &c., for sale, which display more than average ability, and are certainly offered at less than average prices. The proceeds of the exhibition are to be given to the East London Branch of the Girls' Friendly Society, of which the aim and work are too well known to need any word from us. The arrangement of the exhibition has been intrusted to Mr. Cundall, who has made excellent use of the splendid suite of rooms so kindly placed at the disposal of the committee by Earl Spencer.

Mr. Luke Fildes has been elected an Academician.

French archaeologists are anticipating great results from the excavations about to be made at Delphi. The Greek Government seems to have need of no small tact in their dealings with antiquaries; and in order to accord to "treasure seekers" the benefits of the most-favoured-nation clause, they are often at their wits' end. Happily, the idea of exploring Delphi has taken possession of the French mind; and the Germans will, it is asserted, have no longer reason to brag of their Olympia. It appears, however, that the most eager competitors in the modern pilgrimage to Delphi were the Americans, who were also anxious to obtain the exclusive right of disinterring the tripod of Apollo's priestess—and any other vestiges of the art of oracle-making which might be unearthed.

Amongst the "celebrations" with which the present year seems destined to abound, the hundredth anniversary of the Tavistock Hotel, Covent-garden, deserves to find a place. The building now so-called formed part of a house or houses occupied successively by Sir Peter Lely, Sir Godfrey Kneller, and Sir James Thornhill; and, later still, Richard Wilson, the classical landscape painter. It was here, too, that in Zoffany's studio was exhibited gratis Hogarth's "Marriage à la Mode." It subsequently came into the possession of Mr. David Low, who there opened the first family hotel. Mrs. Hudson, the lessee, advertised her house "with stabling for one hundred noblemen and horses." All the surroundings of the Tavistock, smack of the literary and artistic life of nearly two centuries, and Mr. Eyre Pascoe has in preparation for the anniversary dinner, which is to take place after Easter, an appropriate little volume on "The Joyous Neighbourhood of Covent-garden," which will present an animated picture of the life they lived there. It must also be borne in mind that the Piazza, of which so small a portion was ever completed and a still smaller portion survives, was reckoned amongst Inigo Jones's best works. Our modern ideas may not, perhaps, endorse Gay's view of the church, which was restored on the original plan; but at the time of his writing it was one of the few important specimens of street architecture west of Temple Bar. Even now, in spite of the demand for more space for our fruit and flower market, we should regret to see the old Piazza removed, and of this there is at present no danger.

"DAVID GARRICK."

The bright spirit of comedy has been revived for us recently in the person of Charles Wyndham. A very few months ago it would have been heresy to suggest that this excellent, vivacious, and impulsive actor had any other mission in life than to personate the luckless scapegrace of a form of entertainment known as Criterion farce. The erratic husband who strays abroad at the instigation of some too confidential friend; the innocent individual who bears on his shoulders the burden of the iniquities of his comrades; the volatile Benedict fretting under the sway of an imperious mother-in-law—these were the characters that were supposed to be the sole prerogative of Charles Wyndham; and with the aid of his lively mercurial temperament he certainly made them his own, and was without a rival when he so happily embodied them. But there were others who believed that, as a comedian of manners, Mr. Wyndham had a higher mission. They looked back on the time when he played heroes of a romantic tendency; they remembered him at the Queen's Theatre, in Long-acre, in the days of Charles Reade's "Double Marriage"; and at the Royalty, in pure domestic drama. Notwithstanding the doubts expressed by such a faithful and experienced playgoer and critic as H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, there were those at Charles Wyndham's elbow who encouraged him to make a trial of John Mildmay, and who believed he might be an easy successor to the characters associated some years ago with the name of Edward A. Sothern. His first important step in that direction has been in Sothern's well-known character of David Garrick, the actor who, to cure a love-sick girl of her infatuation, assumes an "antic disposition" of tipsiness; but is eventually caught in the toils of love, and honourably wins the hand of the woman whose sympathies he has secured by his talent and his art. The character of the fanciful David Garrick of the stage, who has little in common with the celebrated actor, suits admirably the buoyant style and impulsive nature of Wyndham. Gallant in bearing, chivalrous in nature, and picturesque in appearance, he is thoroughly at home in that phase of the hero's nature that deals with chivalry and honour. The mad revelry of the tea-table scene after the family dinner at old Ingot's suits this excellent comedian, and he is as ingenious in business and quite as alert as his predecessor. But few were prepared for the truth and tenderness of the love scene with Ada Ingot, so true and so natural, so instinct with humanity and chivalrous earnestness, that Mr. Wyndham's warmest admirers have universally begged him to strike again at the rich vein of comedy that he has discovered, and to follow up his success as quickly as possible. The admiring audiences that have applauded "David Garrick" have encouraged him to look about for a new home, where a nobler form of comedy may be encouraged, and to leave the merry Criterion to those who have been educated under his eye whilst he presided there. The new departure of Charles Wyndham will be watched with interest by all who have been forced to believe that high comedy was almost a lost art at this period of the nineteenth century. Mr. Wyndham may yet be the pioneer of a new school and the animating force of a revived art. C. S.

Mr. Irving is being amply rewarded for his histrionic and artistic skill and enterprise at the Lyceum Theatre. On Friday, March 18, "Faust" will be represented at the Lyceum Theatre for the 350th consecutive time—a remarkable number even in an age of long runs.

Mr. C. E. Lewis, M.P. for North Antrim, who represented the city of Londonderry for fourteen years, has been created a Baronet. Silver plate of the value of £700, subscribed by upwards of a thousand Loyalists of Derry, will be presented to Sir Charles during the present month, as a mark of esteem.

An immense crowd assembled on the 10th inst. to witness the launch of the new war-ship Galatea from the yard of Messrs. Napier and Sons, Glasgow. The vessel was named by Miss Kirk. The length of the Galatea is 300 ft.; breadth, 56 ft.; displacement, 5000 tons; horse-power, 8500; speed, 19 knots. She carries 12 guns.

The Imperial Conference will begin its sittings on April 4, by which date, it is expected, all its members will be in England. The members of the Imperial Federation League, at whose suggestion the conference has been summoned, will entertain the representatives appointed by the Colonies at a banquet on Saturday, April 2, at the Freemasons' Tavern. The Earl of Rosebery will preside, and a distinguished list of stewards, composed of men of all parties, has been issued.

The foundation-stone of twelve Victoria Jubilee almshouses was laid at Kendal on the 10th inst. by Mrs. Bindloss, wife of the Mayor of the borough. The almshouses, together with the site of a mission church and a liberal endowment, are the gift of Mr. Steddal, a retired merchant, the last descendant of an ancient local family. The value of the gift is about £10,000. After the ceremony the Mayor gave a luncheon at the Townhall.

On the 10th inst. the Bishop of St. Albans consecrated St. Stephen's Church, Upton Park, Plaistow, on a site where stood a residence of Elizabeth Fry, to whom the edifice is built as a memorial. The new church is a handsome structure, and will accommodate 600 worshippers. The foundation-stone was laid by Princess Louise in June last. After the consecration the Bishop of St. Albans preached the first sermon, and a luncheon took place at the Public Hall. The Rev. W. G. Trousdale is the first minister.

Some interesting statistics of the increased use of the telegraph are given in a work by Mr. William Hunt, of Hull, entitled "Then and Now; or Fifty Years of Newspaper Life." In 1870, when the telegraph wires were transferred to the Government, only 168 newspapers received the limited news supply of the old companies; while, in 1885, no fewer than 578 papers were receiving telegraphic services from the two news associations, and during 1886 the number of words telegraphed in Press messages is estimated to have been 578,382,655.

At Chester last Saturday the Duke of Westminster, in the presence of the Duchess, the Bishop of Chester, the Mayor of Chester, and most of the medical men and leading citizens of the city and county, presented Dr. Waters, of Chester, with his portrait, by Mr. Frank Holl, and a cheque for £296, in recognition of his public and private worth. Dr. Waters is one of only four recipients of the gold medal of the British Medical Association given for distinguished services. In his case it was presented for his long-continued and self-denying services in the cause of medical reform.

The following is transcribed from a page of a small pocket-book found on Saturday morning in a pint bottle out from the stomach of a ling landed from the trawler Sybil, of Lowestoft, at Aberdeen: "The schooner Anna, of Bangor, in a sinking state. My men as given up all hopes, abandoned. Writing this, dear wife, if this should reach shore, know what 'as become of your darling Willie. God bless you." On the reverse side of the paper is the following: "January 24, 1886. Dreadful storm, both masts gone. Ship waterlogged. Good-by, dear wife, for ever. From your loving husband, Wm. Jensen." The notes are written in pencil.

MUSIC.

ROYAL-ITALIAN OPERA.

Covent-Garden Theatre was reopened on Saturday evening, under Mr. Mapleson's direction, for an early season of operatic performances, in anticipation of those to be given by Signor Lago beginning on May 17. As we have already given a summary of Mr. Mapleson's prospectus, it now only remains to speak of the opening performances. The opera chosen for the first night was Verdi's "La Traviata," in which Mlle. Lilian Nordica made her first appearance here as Violetta. In the brindisi of the opening scene and in the allegro of the scena "Ah, fors' è lui," the lady displayed a bright and flexible soprano voice, of high range and agreeable, if not very powerful, quality. In the last movement of the scena Mlle. Nordica manifested considerable fluency in the execution of bravura passages; her share in the duets with the elder Germont and with Alfredo having been rendered with good dramatic feeling. In the closing scene, the lady displayed much pathos, without exaggeration. Signor Del Puente, as on previous occasions, gave the music of the elder Germont in genuine, artistic style, and contributed greatly to the general effect of the performance. Signor Iluncio, who was to have appeared as Alfredo, was—for some unexplained reason—very suddenly replaced by Signor Ria, whose efforts should not be criticised under the circumstances. Other features of the cast require no comment.

On Tuesday evening, the opera was "Rigoletto," in the title-character of which M. Lhéris made his first appearance here, his performance, both dramatic and vocal, having been of high excellence. The newcomer, who has gained celebrity in Paris, more than justified the expectations formed of him. His voice is a resonant baritone, especially good in its upper range; his vocalisation and phrasing are artistic; and his acting is impressive without exaggeration. In the duet with Gilda in the first act, and still more in the subsequent scene in the Duke's palace, M. Lhéris produced a very strong impression. In the address to the deriding courtiers—at first upbraiding, then pleading—and in the following duet with Gilda, M. Lhéris was admirable alike in declamation and pathos. Mlle. Nordica enhanced the favourable position gained by her on Saturday. Her vocalisation as Gilda was distinguished both by brilliancy and expression. Signor Ravelli, as the Duke, sang effectively throughout the opera; Signor Vetta was a good representative of the assassin, Sparafucile; and subordinate characters were more or less worthily filled.

The band and chorus—of fairly good proportions—are both efficient; and the performances now referred to were ably conducted by Signor Logheder.

For Thursday, "La Favorita" was promised, and for this (Saturday) evening, "Martha"—each including first appearances.

Drury-Lane Theatre—as we have already announced—is to be opened by Mr. Augustus Harris in June, on the close of the Carl Rosa opera season there, for a series of Italian opera performances on a grand scale. Mr. Harris has been for some time, and still is, busily engaged in securing some of the best stage singers from the principal Continental theatres, chiefly those of Italy.

The fifteenth of the London Symphony Concerts, conducted by Mr. Henschel, took place at St. James's Hall last week, when the programme included an orchestral symphony composed by Mr. Henry Holmes, the well-known violinist. The work is entitled "Boscastle," from its having been composed at the place so named, and Mr. Holmes has sought to reproduce, in music, the impressions produced on him by the grandeur of the Cornish coast-scenery. The symphony consists of four principal divisions, in each of which there is some skilful writing, if devoid of marked originality. Mr. Holmes understands orchestral effects, as he has before proved, and again in the work now referred to, which is the third of the same class produced by him. The other orchestral music at last week's Symphony Concert consisted of Wagner's imaginative piece, entitled "Dreams" (performed at a previous concert), and the "Rackoczký March" from Berlioz's "Faust" music. Mr. Schönberger gave a brilliant rendering of Rubinstein's elaborate and difficult pianoforte concerto in D minor, besides two unaccompanied solos; and vocal pieces by Wagner and Saint-Saëns were rendered with much refinement by Mrs. Henschel. The last concert of the series, which took place this week, must be noticed hereafter.

The Philharmonic Society entered on its seventy-fifth season last Thursday week at St. James's Hall. The occasion derived a special interest from the co-operation of Madame Schumann, whose previous appearance at the Monday Popular Concerts has already been recorded. The eminent pianist chose as her solo on the occasion now referred to her late husband's pianoforte concerto in A minor, one of his best and most representative works. Madame Schumann rendered the technical difficulties in which it abounds with a skill and certainty such as she has scarcely surpassed in her younger days; her realisation of the idealism and romanticism of the music having been such as could scarcely be paralleled in the present day. Her reception was of the most enthusiastic kind. Effective orchestral performances of Mendelssohn's overture to "Ruy Blas," Brahms's latest symphony (No. 4 in E minor), and the finale ("Perpetuum mobile") from Herr Moszkowski's "Suite" in F (produced at one of last year's concerts), completed the instrumental selection, which was interspersed by vocal pieces by Mr. Goring Thomas, Mendelssohn, and Schumann, artistically sung by Madame Valleria. Sir Arthur Sullivan, permanent conductor of the concerts, was unable to fulfil his office on this occasion, as explained by him in a letter dated from Monte Carlo, in which he refers his illness and nervous attack to the earthquake and its surrounding horrors. Mr. George Mount officiated ably in lieu of Sir Arthur.

Mr. and Mrs. Henschel gave the last of their series of four vocal recitals at Prince's Hall yesterday (Friday) week, when their performances, singly and in association, gave effect to a varied selection of music by past and present composers, including pieces of Mr. Henschel's own composition.

The fifteenth Saturday afternoon concert of the present season at the Crystal Palace took place last week, leaving but five more in completion of the thirty-first series, to be supplemented by the usual concert for the benefit of Mr. Manns, the conductor. Saturday's programme opened with a Serenade in symphonic form, composed by Mr. G. J. Bennett, and performed for the first time. The work consists of four divisions, each of which evidences the sound musical training of the composer, from whom much good work may yet be expected. The piquant "Scherzo" and the animated finale of the serenade produced a specially favourable impression. Saturday's concert included Miss Agnes Zimmermann's effective performance of Beethoven's pianoforte concerto in E flat (the "Emperor"), vocal solos contributed by Madame Valleria, and other items of familiar interest.

The Popular Concert at St. James's Hall last Monday evening included the reappearance of Madame Schumann as

pianist. The solo pieces set down for her in the programme were—the "Aufschwung," "Warum," and "Traumes-wirren" of her late husband. In these, and in the pianoforte part of Mendelssohn's second sonata with violoncello (this in association with Signor Piatti), Madame Schumann displayed all those high qualities for which she has long been renowned. Mr. Orlando Harley was the vocalist of the evening. At the previous Saturday afternoon concert Mr. Max Pauer was the solo pianist, and Mr. Santley the vocalist. Dr. Joachim continues to be the leading and solo violinist.

Mr. Max Pauer gave the first of two pianoforte recitals at Prince's Hall on Wednesday afternoon.

St. Patrick's Day was celebrated by evening concerts, of a national character, at the Royal Albert Hall, and St. James's Hall, the Moore and Burgess' Minstrels having announced a special performance of an Irish selection in the last-named locality.

Mr. T. A. Matthay, a skilled pianist, gave a recital at Prince's Hall on Thursday afternoon.

The Sacred Harmonic Society will close its season, at St. James's Hall, next Friday evening (March 25) with a performance of Costa's "Eli," the earlier of its composer's two great oratorios.

Reports from New York speak in glowing terms of the successful production of Rubinstein's "Nero" by the American Opera Company.

THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

Tuesday next, March 22, is the ninetieth birthday of the illustrious and venerable monarch, William I., German Emperor and King of Prussia, an historical narrative of whose life, with illustrations designed by one of our Artists, is begun in the Special Supplement to the *Illustrated London News* this week, and will be continued in our next publication in a second Special Supplement. The occasion will be celebrated by the Court and City of Berlin with a series of festivities, interesting not only to the whole German nation, but to England, whose Royal family is intimately connected with the Imperial house; and the Prince of Wales starts from London this (Saturday) evening to attend these festivities, in which he will be the representative of our Queen. On Saturday last, the aged Emperor, with the Empress and all the members of his family, took part in the ceremony of the baptism of his great-grandson, who is also the great-grandson of Queen Victoria, being the fourth son of Prince William and grandson of the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany. The ceremony was performed in the Palace at Potsdam, and the Royal infant received the names of August Wilhelm Henry Victor. The Emperor, who was in good health and spirits, held the infant at the baptismal font, handing it back after the christening to the Crown Princess, who passed it on to its mother, Princess William.

ATTEMPT TO MURDER THE CZAR.

The commemoration, on Sunday last, of the anniversary of the Emperor Alexander III.'s accession to the throne of Russia, which took place upon the death of his father, Alexander II., murdered by assassins with bombshells on March 13, 1881, was marked, we regret to say, by the detection of a similar conspiracy against the life of the present Emperor. On Sunday afternoon, the Emperor and Empress, with the Imperial family, attended a Requiem Mass for the late Emperor Alexander II. in the Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul. Half an hour later their Majesties, accompanied by the Czarevitch and their other children, left for Gatchina. It soon became known that the police, acting on information that an attempt might be made on the life of the Czar on the anniversary of the assassination of Alexander II., arrested near the Palace several persons who, it was said, were holding bombs, or explosive machines, in their hands, ready to throw them. The Emperor, however, was not in the vicinity of the intending assassins, as he had not started from the Palace at the moment when the conspirators were arrested. The place where they were lurking about was at the corner of the Nevsky and the Great Morskaia, where the Imperial carriage would be obliged to move slowly, on account of the throng of traffic. One of these men, apparently a student, had under his arm what seemed to be a book, which was really a metal case, of the shape of a volume, filled with dynamite and with bullets, said to be poisoned, enough to kill thirty people. A long tape was attached to it, by which the interior mechanism could be set in action, and the contents of the machine ignited, after laying it down on the road beneath the Emperor's carriage. Four other men were arrested on the spot, and more than a hundred have since been taken into custody.

The Senate of the University of London have altered the date of the next matriculation examination from June 20 to June 13.

At a general meeting of the Anglo-Australian Society of Artists, the following artists were elected members:—Henry Moore, A.R.A., Charles Keene, Arthur Hacker, J. P. Steer, E. Wake Cook, and C. E. Hern.

At the meeting of the Metropolitan Board of Works yesterday week it was decided that the circus formed at the intersection of the new Charing-cross-road with Shaftesbury-avenue should be named "Cambridge-circus."

At a council meeting of the Royal Cambrian Academy of Art, it was decided to add a Jubilee Gallery to the premises at Plas Mawr, Conway, where the annual exhibitions are held. Her Majesty has signified her acceptance of an album containing sketches of Welsh scenery by members of the Academy.

Conditions under which grants in aid of instruction in drawing in elementary schools (excepting schools under the Scotch Education Department) may be made after the 31st inst. by the Science and Art Department, have been issued in the form of a minute of the Committee of Council on Education.

Yesterday week the Marchioness of Bute opened the water supply of the new Roath Dock, Cardiff. She was accompanied by the Marquis of Bute, Sir W. T. Lewis, and several dock officials and others. The water is supplied from the Bute East Dock, and is conveyed through an underground pipe about half a mile in length.

Prince Albert Victor of Wales left England for Gibraltar on Thursday morning, by the Peninsular and Oriental steamship Rosetta. He is going out to be attached to the 3rd Battalion King's Royal Rifles for infantry instruction, having been nearly two years in the 10th (Prince of Wales's) Hussars. He is accompanied by Major Miles, Royal Munster Fusiliers, and Captain the Hon. Alwyn Greville, King's Royal Rifles.

The Governor and Committee of Management of the Licensed Victuallers' School, Kennington-lane, Lambeth (of which the Queen is patron), have determined, in honour of her Majesty's Jubilee, to take in, without an election, on Tuesday, the 29th inst., the whole of the fifty-six children who have this year presented themselves as candidates for admission into the institution.

OBITUARY.

LORD GERARD.

The Right Hon. Sir Robert Tolver Gerard, Bart., first Baron Gerard in the United Kingdom Peerage, died on Tuesday last, at his residence, 16, South-street, Park-lane. He was born in 1808, third son of John Gerard, Esq., of Windle Hall, Lancashire, by the daughter of Edward Ferrers, Esq., of Lytham Hall. A baronetcy, one of the very earliest created by James I., in 1611, was bestowed on Sir Thomas Gerard, Knight, of Bryn, in consideration of the imprisonment and heavy losses suffered by his father, who, being High Sheriff of Lancaster in 1558, was accused of a design to assist the escape of Mary, Queen of Scots. The baronetcy descended to Sir William Gerard, who died without issue in 1826, and was succeeded by his nephew John, eldest brother of the late Lord Gerard. Sir John Gerard, the twelfth Baronet, died in 1854, likewise without issue, when the baronetcy devolved upon his brother Robert. Sir Robert Gerard, who formerly held a Captain's commission in the Army, was Colonel of the Lancashire Yeomanry Cavalry, and an Aide-de-Camp to the Queen; he served the office of High Sheriff of the county in 1859. In January, 1876, he was created a Peer by the title of Baron Gerard. His Lordship had married, in 1849, Harriet, daughter of Edward Clifton, Esq., of Lytham, and is now succeeded by his eldest son, William Cansfield Gerard, who was born in 1851, and is married to a daughter of H. Beilby-William Milner, Esq., of West Retford, Notts.

SIR J. HAMILTON-COX, BART., C.B.

Major-General Sir John Hamilton-Cox, Bart., C.B., died, at the age of seventy, at his residence in West Kensington. He was the only son of General William Cox, K.H., late of the 60th Rifles, and nephew of Lieutenant-General Cox, K.H., of the same regiment. He received his commission in the Gordon Highlanders in 1835. In the Indian Mutiny he was appointed by Lord Clyde Brigade-Major to the Highland Brigade, and he was ten times mentioned in despatches. He was twice promoted for distinguished service in the field, and received a medal and two clasps, and, after forty-three years' service, retired with the rank of Major-General. Sir John Cox married a daughter of the late John Andrews, J.P., of Rathenny Park, King's County, Ireland, by whom he had three sons and two daughters.

SIR WILLIAM ANDREW.

Sir William Patrick Andrew, Kt., C.I.E., of St. Bernards and Charlesfield, Midlothian, died at 29, Bryanston-square, on the 11th inst., aged eighty-one. He was educated at Edinburgh and Oxford, and served in early life in India. In the promotion of railway and telegraphic communication with that country he took a prominent part, and was founder and chairman of the Scinde, Punjab, and Delhi Railway Company. The decoration of Companion of the Star of India was conferred on him in January, 1882, and knighthood shortly after. Sir William was author of various works relating to the East, and of lectures on the same subject, and was Fellow of several scientific societies. He married, first, his cousin, Alice, younger daughter of Captain Alexander Andrew, of Alington House, Devon, which lady died in 1840; and, secondly, in 1843, Anne, eldest daughter of Mr. Henry Raeburn, of St. Bernards and Charlesfield, and grand-daughter of Sir Henry Raeburn, R.A.

MR. JOSHUA FIELDEN.

Mr. Joshua Fielden, of Nutfield Priory, Surrey, previously of Stansfield Hall, Todmorden, J.P., F.A.S., F.R.G.S., died on the 9th inst., at Cannes. He represented the East Division, West Riding of Yorkshire, in Parliament, from 1868 to 1880; but retired from political life in the latter year. He was born March 8, 1827, the third son of the late Mr. John Fielden, of Centre Vale, Todmorden, M.P. for Oldham, and was head of the great firm of cotton manufacturers at Todmorden. He married, May 14, 1851, Ellen, daughter of Mr. Thomas Brocklehurst, of The Fence, Macclesfield, and leaves issue.

We have also to record the deaths of—

James Whatman, Esq., of Vinters, Kent, J.P. and D.L., who was M.P. for Maidstone from 1852, for West Kent from 1857 to 1859, and again for Maidstone from 1865 to 1874. He was seventy-three years of age.

Mr. Randle Wilbraham of Rode Hall, Cheshire, J.P. and D.L., High Steward of Congleton, on the 10th inst., aged eighty-six. He was eldest son of Mr. Randle Wilbraham, of Rode Hall, younger brother of Edward, Lord Skelmersdale.

Lieutenant-Colonel Pleydell-Bouverie, formerly of the 78th Highlanders, who served in the Persian war, and at the relief of Lucknow, under General Havelock. He was an officer of the 1st Cheshire Engineer Volunteers. He was sixty-nine years of age.

The Rev. John Hull, M.A., Hon. Canon of Manchester, for twenty-three years Rector of Eaglescliffe, formerly, for twenty nine years, Vicar of Poulton-le-Fylde, Rural Dean and Examining Chaplain to the first Bishop of Manchester, on the 8th inst., aged eighty-four.

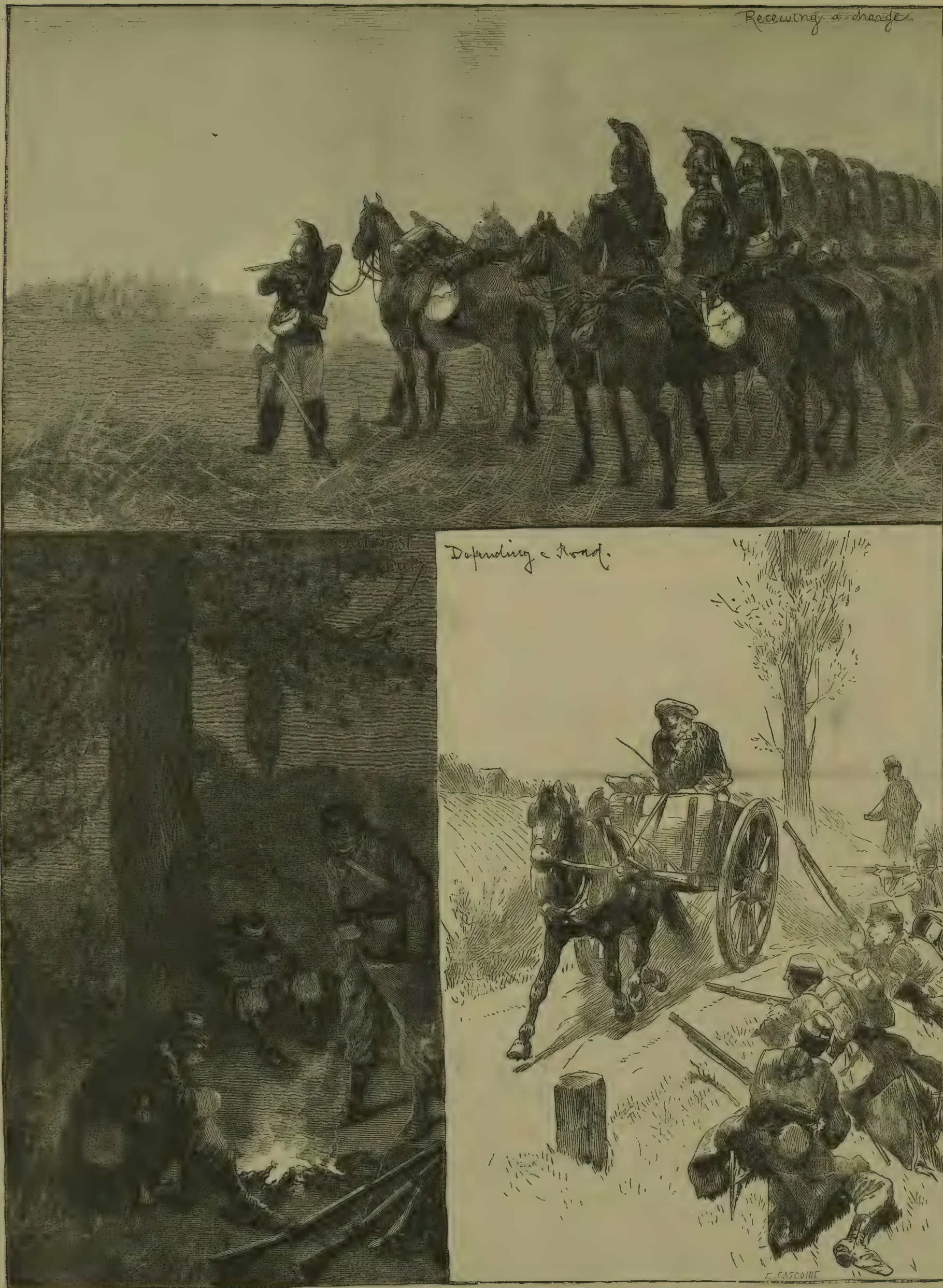
Captain William Charles Harris, C.B., late Assistant-Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, on the 8th inst., at Easton House, Starcross, Devon, aged seventy-seven. Formerly a Captain in the Army, from 1843 to 1856 Chief Constable of Hampshire.

Mrs. Catherine Anne Frances Anketell, widow of Mr. Matthew John Anketell, of Anketell Grove, in the county of Monaghan, J.P. and D.L., eldest daughter of Mr. David Ker, M.P., of Montalto and Portavo, in the county of Down, and grand-daughter of the first Marquis of Londonderry, on the 28th ult., at 22, Redcliffe-gardens, South Kensington, in her seventy-third year.

Colonel Alexander Learmonth, late 17th Lancers, on the 10th inst., at 44, Park-lane. He was born in 1829, the only son of the late Mr. John Learmonth, of Dean and Murieston, Lord Provost of Edinburgh; entered the Army in 1850, and served in the Crimea and in the Indian Mutiny. He married, 1859, Charlotte Salter Lyons, niece of Edmund, first Lord Lyons, and leaves issue. Colonel Learmonth sat in Parliament, in the Conservative interest, as member for Colchester from 1870 to 1880.

The Beaumont trustees have received from Mr. C. Morrison a second benefaction of £1000, to be applied towards paying for the site of five acres for the People's Palace for East London.

A cruel murder, which seems to have been perpetrated by a gang of robbers to give them a chance of escaping pursuit, took place in North London yesterday (Friday) week. A milkshop in Bartholomew-road, Kentish Town, belonging to Mr. David Samuel, was entered about four in the afternoon; and an iron safe, in which he kept his money, was lifted from its place, apparently to be carried off. Mrs. Samuel, it is supposed, came from a room behind, and was knocked down by a blow on the head. She was found dying, a few minutes afterwards; and death ensued when she was taken to the hospital. The iron safe was left in the shop. Three men in a cart were seen to drive quickly away from the shop. They had not been apprehended up to Wednesday last.

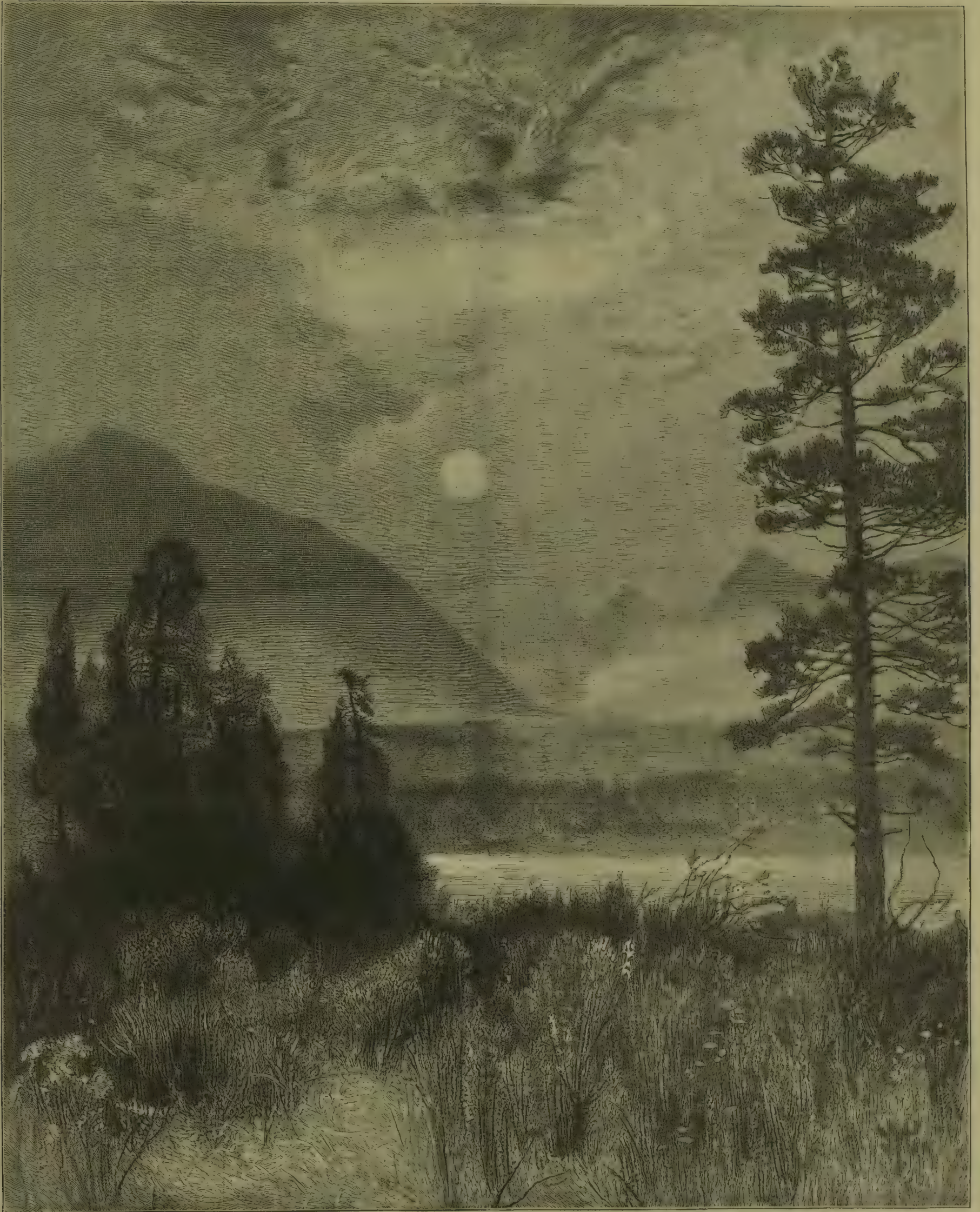


TROOPS OF THE FRENCH ARMY EXERCISING.

Not long ago, the French Government Commission reported that within ten hours of the declaration of hostilities it would be possible to concentrate 40,000 men on any given point, and that administrative and railway arrangements would permit of further troops reaching the same spot at the rate of 18,000 an hour for the next twenty-four hours; at the expiration of which time 472,000 men could be placed in line. In France there are eighteen army corps, their head-quarters being in the following cities:—1, Lille; 2, Amiens; 3, Rouen; 4, Le Mans; 5, Orleans; 6, Châlons-sur-Marne; 7, Besançon; 8, Bourges;

9, Tours; 10, Rennes; 11, Nantes; 12, Limoges; 13, Clermont-Ferrand; 14, Lyons; 15, Marseilles; 16, Montpellier; 17, Toulouse; 18, Bordeaux. Each army corps consists of two divisions; and the head-quarters of three divisions of separate corps are at Paris. One army corps is in Algeria. These, with the fortress garrisons, form the standing army. Provision exists for the formation of eight more army corps—numbered 25 to 32—mainly created out of the territorial army. The peace effective of the French army was put in the Budget of 1886 at 523,283 men, with 129,339 horses; but these figures

include the gendarmerie and non-combatants. The infantry would consist of 468 active battalions, 156 fortress battalions, 156 dépôt battalions, and 30 rifle battalions, each battalion 1000 men. The total is 810,000 men. The cavalry would consist of 392 squadrons, or 58,800 men. The artillery would consist of 380 field batteries, 57 horse batteries, 12 marine batteries, and 96 fortress batteries; in all, 150,000 men and 2725 guns. The scientific corps would consist of 31,000 men. The total force with which France would begin operations is, therefore, 1,049,800 men, with 2725 guns.



SKETCHES IN BRITISH COLUMBIA—THE KOOTENAY VALLEYS: A FAMOUS OLD CAMPING-PLACE, NOW THE SITE OF KOOTENAY CITY.

A recent American traveller, in speaking of the go-ahead character of the frontiersman, and the confidence with which he habitually discounts the future, mentions the instance of a little frontier settlement in Idaho Territory, almost literally of yesterday's growth, which has two opera-halls, with seating-room for 900 people, while the entire population of the place and neighbourhood, man, woman, and child, amounts to only 700 souls!

The smiling green Kootenay valleys, situated immediately to the north of the above-named United States Territory, and separated from it by the phantom line of the 49th parallel, forming the international boundary, afford, if we accept the above as a typical instance of American self-confidence, a strong contrast in the peculiarly English slowness of their progress, notwithstanding that their natural resources, mineral wealth, climate, and scenery are immeasurably superior to those of Idaho and Montana. To be just, however, the extreme isolation of these very charming

mountain-bowered vales until last year's opening of the Canadian Pacific Railway (by which they can be reached in less than a fortnight from England) must be remembered. The future progress will undoubtedly be at a very much more rapid rate, though perhaps the ratio of seating-room to population in the opera house of the future central settlement of the locality, Kootenay City, will be the inverse of her Idaho sisters. The sketch of the site of Kootenay City, as the writer and artist saw it in 1885, some months before the Canadian Pacific was completed across the Rockies, will show the attractiveness of the spot. The lordly bighorn could then be seen, from the level, park-like expanse, roaming on the crags of the majestic Mount Warre, that towers over the city site; and even last spring, four wapiti stags were killed, in one day, on the very spot where the town is laid out, while cariboo, bear, and the rarest and most grotesque game of North America, the Rocky Mountain goat, are to be had in plenty for the hunting; but the latter is by no means easy

sport. The trout-fishing—even for British Columbia, where along the coast a 20-lb. salmon can be bought for one shilling, and which, without question, is the fisherman's Eldorado—is magnificent.

The site of Kootenay City is, from an orographical and topographical point of view, sufficiently remarkable. It occupies the whole of a perfectly level, park-like stretch of land about one mile wide, which separates two important navigable rivers, the one being the mightiest stream on the Pacific littoral of America—namely, the Columbia, which has its source in the charming, blue-green, ten-mile-long lake which lies at the very door of the embryo town; while, a mile off, courses another equally navigable river, the Kootenay, flowing in opposite direction to that pursued by the majestic stream of the Columbia. The finest timber imaginable, some of a very valuable kind, is in the immediate neighbourhood; while coal, gold, and silver are dispersed all through the mountains, and extensive stretches of excellent farming land line the

banks of the Kootenay river. Not without good reason do the few travellers who have visited this spot in the days of its isolation speak of it with enthusiastic praise.

Three veteran travellers have incorporated such favourable opinions in their works. Sir George Simpson in his, at the time, very famous "Journey Round the World," calls it "A little Paradise," and says: "The spot was so soft and lovely that a traveller might almost be tempted here to spend the remainder of his days amid the surrounding beauties of Nature." While the equally famous explorer, De Smet, says, in the concluding remarks of an extended description in which he points out the great importance of its commanding geographical position:—"The climate is delightful, the extremes of heat and cold are seldom known. The hand of man would transform it into a terrestrial Paradise."

General Sir Henry Warre, on his, for several reasons, memorable tour across the Continent forty years ago, camped at this spot, and in his journal, after describing the wonderful timber—"White pines measuring 12 ft. in diameter, and red or Norway pines of 20 ft. and 30 ft. in circumference"—he speaks of the beauties of the spot in the following brief but telling words:—"Water, wood, and mountains formed the picture, which is as perfect as Nature in her happiest mood could make it." He is right.

Speaking generally of land in British Columbia, it must be remembered that this province differs in almost every respect from the rest of Canada and the Northwest region. Arable land there possesses, for the following topographical, climatic, and local reasons, a considerably greater value than does similar land east of the Rocky Mountains in Manitoba or the U.S. Territories. Firstly, owing to the presence of good local markets, in consequence of the flourishing condition of gold-mining and the lumber business; which have no existence in the great wheat-raising countries (this is clearly illustrated by the fact that British Columbia imports from the United States, notwithstanding the high Customs tariff, a very considerable portion of its food supplies); and secondly, because British Columbia, which is a mountainous and wooded country, in many respects not unlike Switzerland, possesses in comparison to its great area, only a very limited quantity of arable land. But the milder climate, making it available for the more remunerative crops, such as hops, the more delicate fruits, and the vine, which do not thrive east of the Rocky Mountains, gives further value to a settlement in British Columbia.

W. B.-G.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has contributed £250, and the Bishop of Peterborough, the Bishop of Norwich, and the Bishop of Rochester, £100 each, to the Clergy Distress Fund, which has been opened by the Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy.

A deputation from the North of England waited yesterday week on the Chancellor of the Exchequer to ask for a Government grant in aid of the Victoria University, Manchester. In reply to their representations, he said that the recognition of the claim made would open the way for claims from other bodies. For one special purpose—the payment of examiners—he would undertake to consider the request, and to bring it before his colleagues.

BIRTH.

On the 5th inst., at Kew Estate, Lucea, Jamaica, the wife of Frank J. Constable Curtis, Esq., of a daughter. (By telegram.)

DEATHS.

On Jan. 25, at his residence, Arthington Villa, Kyber Pass-road, Auckland, N.Z., Joseph Rose, Esq., formerly of Leeds, England, aged 74.

On the 5th inst., at Florence, Captain Robert Eckford, late 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers, aged 49.

* * * The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths is Five Shillings.

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(By order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

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ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS.—Notice to Artists.—The Days for receiving Paintings, Drawings, &c., are, FRIDAY, SATURDAY and MONDAY, MARCH 25, 26, and 27; and for Sculpture, TUESDAY, MARCH 29.

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PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, March 15.

M. De Lesseps, having left Paris for Berlin last Tuesday without any diplomatic mission, returned to Paris last night and proclaimed to his friends, and to the newspaper men, that he had brought back peace in his carpet bag. M. De Lesseps returns with the conviction that Germany wishes peace, and that even Bismarck wishes peace, and that all this is due to the tact and frankness of the French ambassador, M. Herbet. Nevertheless, war, it appears, was very near at one time. The French press naturally publishes many accounts of conversations with M. De Lesseps, who is represented as speaking very openly and affirmatively about the prospects of peace. Here in France, it is needless to repeat, peace is the universal desire.

The political events of the week in France have been the acquittal of M. Peyramont, editor of the bellicose journal *La Revanche*, and the final voting by the Chamber of Deputies of the Protectionist Cereal Bill. M. Peyramont was acquitted, there being no legal punishment proportionate to his offence, and it being generally recognised that *La Revanche* is a journal without influence, which tries in vain to thwart the pacific intentions of France.

There has been quite a revolution in the sporting world of Paris this week, owing to the prohibition by the Government and by the police of the exercise of the bookmaker's trade on the racecourses of France. The use of "piquets" or stands, the display of lists of odds, and the exhibition of all the "insignia" of the trade are to be no longer allowed. But the bookmakers are permitted to walk about the racecourse and offer odds: in short, you can still bet, but not so conveniently as when the piquets existed, and each bookmaker had, so to speak, his temporary office at a fixed spot in the weighing paddock. Public, bookmakers, and jockeys are all dissatisfied; and if the suppression of "piquets" is maintained, the prosperity of the Paris races will be at an end, for the Parisians went to the races by thousands simply in order to bet. It was doubtless a bad way of passing Sunday afternoon; but it is doubtful whether even the Government can force the Parisians to be moral, the more so as during the past ten years they have been allowed to bet unmolested, both on Sundays and on weekdays.

An interesting trial, that of the soldier Leoni, took place this week and ended in the condemnation of the accused. Leoni is a Corsican peasant, now performing his term of military service; exact in all his duties, he had never been punished; the only thing that could be said against him was that he was melancholy and sombre. The reason is obvious: Leoni was poor; he had no pocket-money; he spoke French with a strange accent; and since joining his regiment he had been the butt of all the men in his company and the victim of all their brutal practical jokes. One day, after two years' suffering, he shot a fellow-soldier who had particularly exasperated him. Doubtless, Leoni will be pardoned; but public opinion in France demands more than this: it demands the abolition of "la brimade," of the horrible and brutal "guying" which is customary in the French

army, and which renders life unendurable to intelligent and gentle natures. In a democracy where every citizen must be a soldier, the system of "la brimade" ought not to be tolerated and even encouraged by the military authorities as it now is. It would seem, rather, that the interests of discipline should command the repression of that instinctive cowardice of the crowd which manifests itself equally in schools, convents, in the Army, in the Government bureau, and even at the opera ball, where you often see a crowd of idiotic young bloods worrying one poor lonely woman until they make her cry under her mask. One would think that the first care of the chiefs of the Army of democratic France would be to see that human liberty and dignity are respected in each soldier.

At a meeting of representatives of the English colony, held at the Hotel Continental last Saturday, it was decided to celebrate the Queen's Jubilee in Paris; but, owing to the violent manner and want of tact of the chairman, Mr. Ed. Blount, the meeting was not altogether harmonious. A subscription is to be opened in France, and part of the money is to be given to British charities in Paris and part to the Imperial Institute fund. The Imperial Institute did not seem to appeal strongly to the sympathies of the meeting; and certainly the claims of charity are more urgent. The condition of English poor in Paris is lamentable, and the resources of permanent charity very limited. This being the case, the claims of the Imperial Institute would certainly have been voted down, had not the chairman insisted and alluded to the alleged wishes of a high personage "whose wishes are equivalent to orders," as he put it.

The painter Gustave Guillaumet died yesterday, after a short illness, of peritonitis, at the age of forty-seven. Even after Marilhat, Decamps, and Fromentin, Guillaumet was able to be profoundly original in his scenes of Oriental life and landscape, for he was a rare painter, and an artist gifted with a wonderfully exact and delicate vision of reality. Guillaumet was, in temperament, a disciple of Millet; he painted the men and landscapes of Algeria as Millet might have painted them, impressing his work with the intimate poetry of the scene. His picture "Laghouat" (Salon 1879) is now in the Luxembourg. Like Fromentin, Gustave Guillaumet was also a clever and delicate writer.

It is announced that Prince Napoleon will publish shortly a reply to M. Taine's recent study of the Great Napoleon.

Madame Christine Nilsson was married here on Saturday to the Spanish Count de Casa Miranda.

T. C.

Steamers landed at Liverpool last week from American and Canadian ports 625 cattle and 7217 quarters of beef.

Another terrible railway disaster in the United States is reported this week. On Monday morning a passenger train on the Dedham branch of the Boston and Providence Railway broke through the Bussey-park Bridge, near Rosendale. The locomotive, with three of the carriages, crossed safely, but the five others fell through to the road, thirty feet below. The last carriage turned completely over, falling upon the others, all being crushed. The cause of the accident was the breaking of the bridge under the weight of the train. Thirty-nine persons are killed and a hundred injured, including many women.

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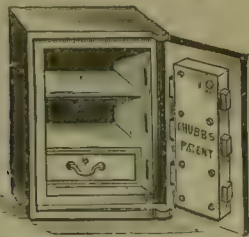
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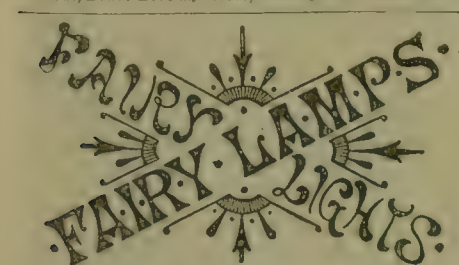
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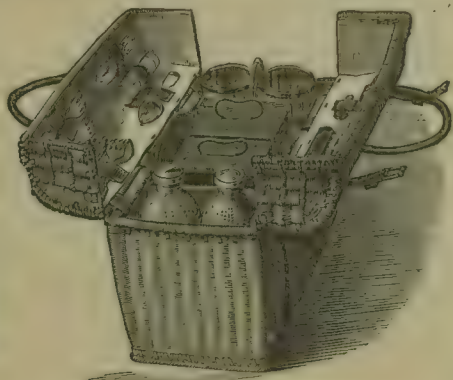
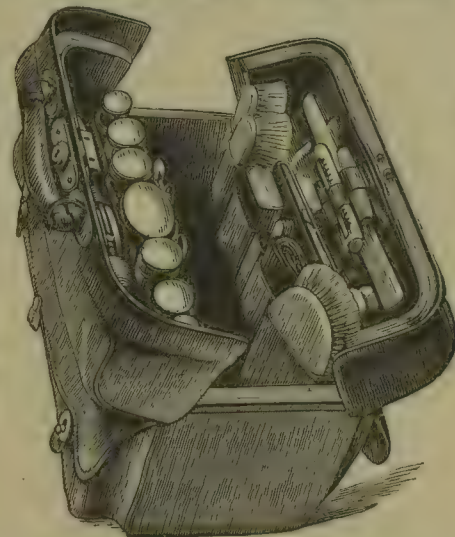
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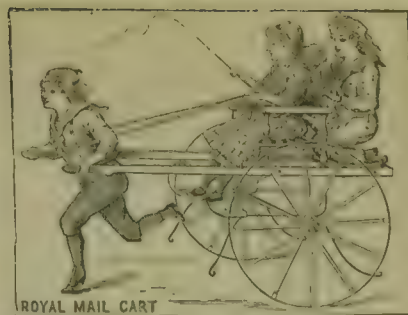
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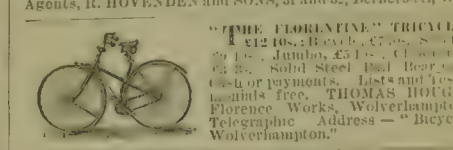
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Reclining on a sofa in the parlour of an elaborate suite of apartments was the woman whom Mr. Brimmer had a few hours before beheld on the stage of the theatre.

THE CRUSADE OF THE EXCELSIOR.*

BY BRET HARTE.

AUTHOR OF "THE LUCK OF ROARING CAMP," "GABRIEL CONROY," "FLIP," ETC.

PART II.—CHAPTER I.

The telegraph operator at the Golden Gate of San Francisco had long since given up hope of the *Excelsior*. During the months of September and October, 1854, stimulated by the promised reward, and often by the actual presence of her owners, he had shown zeal and hope in his scrutiny of the incoming ships. The gaunt arms of the semaphore at Fort Point, turned against the sunset sky, had regularly recorded the smallest vessel of the white-winged fleet which sought the portal of the bay during that eventful year of immigration; but the *Excelsior* was not amongst them. At the close of the year 1854 she was a tradition; by the end of January, 1855, she was forgotten. Had she been engulfed in her own element she could not have been more completely swallowed up than in the changes of that shore she never reached. Whatever interest or hope was still kept alive in solitary breasts the world never knew. By the significant irony of Fate even the old-time semaphore that should have signalled her was abandoned and forgotten.

The mention of her name—albeit in a quiet, unconcerned voice—in the dress-circle of a San Francisco Theatre, during the performance of a popular female star was, therefore, so peculiar that it could only have come from the lips of someone personally interested in the lost vessel. Yet the speaker was a youngish, feminine-looking man of about thirty, notable for his beardlessness in the crowded circle of bearded and moustachioed Californians; and had been one of the most absorbed of the enthusiastic audience. A weak smile of vacillating satisfaction and uneasiness played on his face during the plaudits of his fellow-admirers, as if he were alternately gratified and annoyed. It might have passed for a discriminating and truthful criticism of the performance, which was a classical burlesque, wherein the star displayed an unconventional frankness of shapely limbs and unrestrained gestures and glances; but he applauded the more dubious parts equally with the audience. He was evidently familiar with the performance, for a look of eager expectation greeted most of the "business." Either he had not come for the entire evening, or he did not wish to appear as if he had, as he sat on one of the back benches near the passage, and frequently changed his place. He was well, even foppishly, dressed for the period, and appeared to be familiarly known to the loungers in the passage as a man of some social popularity.

He had just been recognised by a man of apparently equal importance and distinction, who had quietly and unconsciously taken a seat by his side, and the recognition appeared equally unexpected and awkward. The new-comer was the older and more decorous looking, with an added formality of manner and self-assertion that did not, however, conceal a certain habitual shrewdness of eye and lip. He wore a full beard, but the absence of a moustache left the upper half of his handsome and rather satirical mouth uncovered. His dress was less pronounced than his companion's, but of a type of older and more established gentility.

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"I was a little late coming from the office to-night," said the younger man, with an embarrassed laugh, "and I thought I'd drop in here on my way home. Pretty rough outside, aint it?"

"Yes, it's raining and blowing; so I thought I wouldn't go up to the plaza for a cab, but wait here for the first one that dropped a fare at the door, and take it on to the hotel."

"Hold on, and I'll go with you," said the young man, carelessly. "I say, Brimmer," he added after a pause, with a sudden assumption of larger gaiety, "there's nothing mean about Belle Montgomery, eh? She's a whole team and the little dog under the waggon, aint she? Deuced pretty woman!—no make up there, eh?"

"She certainly is a fine woman," said Brimmer, gravely, borrowing his companion's lorgnette. "By-the-way, Markham, do you usually keep an opera-glass in your office in case of an emergency like this?"

"I reckon it was forgotten in my overcoat pocket," said Markham, with an embarrassed smile.

"Left over from the last time," said Brimmer, rising from his seat. "Well, I'm going now—I suppose I'll have to try the plaza."

"Hold on a moment. She's coming on now—there she is!" He stopped, his anxious eyes fixed upon the stage. Brimmer turned at the same moment in no less interested absorption. A quick hush ran through the theatre; the men bent eagerly forward as the Queen of Olympus swept down to the footlights, and, with a ravishing smile, seemed to envelop the whole theatre in a gracious caress.

"You know, 'pon my word, Brimmer, she's a very superior woman," gasped Markham excitedly, when the goddess had temporarily withdrawn; "these fellows here," he said, indicating the audience contemptuously, "don't know her—think she's all that sort of thing, you know; and come here just to look at her. But she's very accomplished; in fact, a kind of literary woman. Writes devilish good poetry—only took up the stage on account of domestic trouble—drunken husband that beat her—regular affecting story, you know. These sap-headed fools don't, of course, know that. No, Sir; she's a remarkable woman! I say, Brimmer; look here: I"—he hesitated, and then went on more boldly, as if he had formed a sudden resolution. "What have you got to do to-night?"

Brimmer, who had been lost in abstraction, started slightly, and said, "I—oh! I've got an appointment with Keene. You know he's off by the steamer—day after to-morrow?"

"What! He's not going off on that wild-goose chase, after all? Why, the man's got *Excelsior* on the brain!"

He stopped as he looked at Brimmer's cold face, and suddenly coloured. "I mean his plan—his idea's all nonsense—you know that!"

"I certainly don't agree with him," began Brimmer, gravely; "but"—

"The idea," interrupted Markham, encouraged by Brimmer's beginning, "of his knocking around the Gulf of California, and getting up an expedition to go inland, just because a mail-steamer saw a bark like the *Excelsior* off Mazatlan last August. As if the *Excelsior* wouldn't have gone into Mazatlan if it had been her! I tell you what it is, Brimmer: it's mighty rough on you and me, and it aint the

square thing at all—after all we've done, and the money we've spent, and the nights we've sat up over the *Excelsior*—to have this young fellow Keene always putting up the bluff of his lost sister on us! His lost sister, indeed! as if we hadn't any feelings."

The two men looked at each other, and each felt it incumbent to look down and sigh deeply—not hypocritically, but perfunctorily, as over a past grief, although anger had been the dominant expression of the speaker.

"I was about to remark," said Brimmer, practically, "that the insurance on the *Excelsior* having been paid, her loss is a matter of commercial record; and that, in a business point of view, this plan of Keene's aint worth looking at. As a private matter of our own feelings—purely domestic—there's no question but that we must sympathise with him, although he refuses to let us join in the expenses."

"Oh, as to that," said Markham, hurriedly, "I told him to draw on me for a thousand dollars last time I saw him. No, Sir; it aint that. What gets me is this darned nagging and simpering around, and opening old sores, and putting on sentimental style, and doing the bereaved business generally. I reckon he'd be even horrified to see you and me here—though it was just a chance with both of us."

"I think not," said Brimmer, drily. "He knows Miss Montgomery already. They're going by the same steamer."

Markham looked up quickly. "Impossible! She's going by the other line to Panama; that is"—he hesitated—"I heard it from the agent."

"She's changed her mind, so Keene says," returned Brimmer. "She's going by way of Nicaragua. He stops at San Juan to reconnoitre the coast up to Mazatlan. Good-night. It's no use waiting here for a cab any longer, I'm off."

"Hold on!" said Markham, struggling out of a sudden uneasy reflection. "I say, Brimmer," he resumed, with an enforced smile, which he tried to make playful, "your engagement with Keene won't keep you long. What do you say to having a little supper with Miss Montgomery, eh?—perfectly proper, you know—at our hotel? Just a few friends, eh?"

Brimmer's eyes and lips slightly contracted. "I believe I am already invited," he said, quietly. "Keene asked me. In fact, that's the appointment. Strange, he didn't speak of you," he added, drily.

"I suppose it's some later arrangement," Markham replied, with feigned carelessness. "Do you know her?"

"Slightly."

"You didn't say so!"

"You didn't ask me," said Brimmer. "She came to consult me about South American affairs. It seems that filibuster General Leonidas, alias Perkins, whose little game we stopped by that Peruvian contract, actually landed in Quinquambo, and established a Government. It seems she knows him, has a great admiration for him as a Liberator, as she calls him. I think they correspond!"

"She's a wonderful woman, by jingo, Brimmer! I'd like to hear who she don't know," said Markham, beaming with a patronising vanity. "There's you, and there's that filibuster, and old Governor Pico, that she's just snatched bald-headed—I mean, you know, that he recognises her worth, don't you see? Not like this cattle you see here."

"Are you coming with me?" said Brimmer, gravely but-tuning up his coat, as if encasing himself in a panoply of impervious respectability.

"I'll join you at the hotel," said Markham, hurriedly. "There's a man over there in the parquette that I want to say a word to; don't wait for me."

With a slight inclination of the head Mr. Brimmer passed out into the lobby, erect, self-possessed, and impeccable. One or two of his commercial colleagues, of maturer age, who were loitering leisurely by the wall, unwilling to compromise themselves by actually sitting down, took heart of grace at this correct apparition. Brimmer nodded to them coolly, as if on 'Change, and made his way out of the theatre. He had scarcely taken a few steps before a furious onset of wind and rain drove him into a doorway for shelter. At the same moment a slouching figure, with a turned-up coat collar, slipped past him and disappeared in a passage at his right. Partly hidden by his lowered umbrella, Mr. Brimmer himself escaped notice, but he instantly recognised his late companion, Markham. As he resumed his way up the street, he glanced into the passage. Half-way down, a light flashed upon the legend "Stage Entrance." Quincy Brimmer, with a faint smile, passed on to his hotel.

It was striking half-past eleven when Mr. Brimmer again issued from his room in the Oriental, and passed down a long corridor. Pausing a moment before a side hall that opened from it, he cast a rapid look up and down the corridor, and then knocked hastily at a door. It was opened sharply by a lady's-maid, who fell back respectfully before Mr. Brimmer's all-correct presence.

Half reclining on a sofa in the parlour of an elaborate suite of apartments was the woman whom Mr. Brimmer had a few hours before beheld on the stage of the theatre. Lifting her eyes languidly from a book that lay ostentatiously on her lap, she beckoned her visitor to approach. She was a woman still young, whose statuesque beauty had but slightly suffered from cosmetics, late hours, and the habitual indulgence of certain hysterical emotions that were not only inconsistent with the classical suggestions of her figure, but had left traces not unlike the grosser excitement of alcoholic stimulation. She looked like a tinted statue whose slight mutations through stress of time and weather had been unwisely repaired by freshness of colour.

"I am such a creature of nerves," she said, raising a superb neck and extending a goddess-like arm, "that I am always perfectly exhausted after the performance. I fly, as you see, to my first love—poetry—as soon as Rosina has changed my dress. It is not generally known—but I don't mind telling you—that I often nerve myself for the effort of acting, by reading some well-remembered passage from my favourite poets, as I stand by the wings. I quaff, as one might say, a single draught of the Pierian spring before I go on."

The exact relations between the humorous "walk round" in which Miss Montgomery usually made her first entrance, and the volume of Byron she held in her hand, did not trouble Mr. Brimmer so much as the beautiful arm with which she emphasised it. Neither did it strike him that the distinguishing indications of a poetic exaltation were at all unlike the effects of a grosser stimulant known as "Champagne cocktail" on the less sensitive organisation of her colleagues. Touched by her melancholy but fascinating smile, he said gallantly, that he had observed no sign of exhaustion, or want of power in her performance that evening.

"Then you were there!" she said, fixing her eyes upon him with an expression of mournful gratitude. "You actually left your business and the calls of public duty to see the poor mountebank perform her nightly task."

"I was there with a friend of yours," answered Brimmer, soberly, "who actually asked me to the supper to which Mr. Keene had already invited me, and which you had been kind enough to suggest to me a week ago."

"True, I had forgotten," said Miss Montgomery, with a large goddess-like indifference that was more effective with the man before her than the most elaborate explanation. "You don't mind them—do you?—for we are all friends together; my position, you know," she added, sadly, "prevents my always following my own inclinations or preferences. Poor Markham, I fear the world does not do justice to his gentle, impressive nature. I sympathise with him deeply; we have both had our afflictions, we have both—lost. Good Heavens!" she exclaimed, with a sudden exaggerated start of horror, "what have I done? Forgive my want of tact, dear friend; I had forgotten, wretched being that I am, that you too"—She caught his hand in both hers, and bowed her head over it as if unable to finish her sentence.

Brimmer, who had been utterly mystified and amazed at this picture of Markham's disconsolate attitude to the world, and particularly to the woman before him, was completely finished by this later tribute to his own affliction. His usually composed features, however, easily took upon themselves a graver cast as he kept, and pressed, the warm hands in his own.

"Fool that I was," continued Miss Montgomery, "in thinking of poor Markham's child-like, open grief, I forgot the deeper sorrow that the more manly heart experiences under an exterior that seems cold and impassible. Yes," she said, raising her languid eyes to Brimmer, "I ought to have felt the throb of that volcano under its mask of snow. You have taught me a lesson."

Withdrawing her hand hastily, as if the volcano had shown some signs of activity, she leaned back on the sofa again. "You are not yet reconciled to Mr. Keene's expedition, then?" she asked, languidly.

"I believe that everything has been already done," said Brimmer, somewhat stiffly; "all sources of sensible inquiry have been exhausted by me. But I envy Keene the eminently practical advantages his impractical journey gives him," he added, arresting himself gallantly: "he goes with you."

"Truly!" said Miss Montgomery, with the melancholy abstraction of a stage soliloquy. "Beyond obeying the dictates of his brotherly affection, he gains no real advantage in learning whether his sister is alive or dead. The surety of her death would not make him freer than he is now—freer to absolutely follow the dictates of a new affection; free to make his own life again. It is a sister, not a wife, he seeks."

Mr. Brimmer's forehead slightly contracted. He leaned back a little more rigidly in his chair, and fixed a critical, half-supercilious look upon her. She did not seem to notice his almost impertinent scrutiny, but sat silent, with her eyes bent on the carpet, in gloomy abstraction. "Can you keep a secret?" she said, as if with a sudden resolution.

"Yes," said Brimmer briefly, without changing his look. "You know I am a married woman. You have heard the story of my wrongs?"

"I have heard them," said Brimmer, drily.

"Well, the husband who abused and deserted me was, I have reason to believe, a passenger on the Excelsior."

"M'Corkle!—impossible! There was no such name on the passenger list."

"M'Corkle!" repeated Miss Montgomery, with a dissonant ring in her voice, and a slight flush in her eyes. "What are you thinking of? There never was a Mr. M'Corkle; it was one of my *noms de plume*. And where did you hear it?"

"I beg your pardon, I must have got it from the press notices of your book of poetry. I knew that Montgomery was only a stage name, and as it was necessary that I should have another in making the business investments you were good enough to charge me with, I used what I thought was your real name. It can be changed, or you can sign M'Corkle."

"Let it go!" said Miss Montgomery, resuming her former manner. "What matters? I wish there was no such thing as business. Well," she resumed after a pause, "My husband's name is Hurlstone."

"But there was no Hurlstone on the passenger list either," said Brimmer. "I knew them all, and their friends."

"Not in the list from the States, but if he came on board at Callao you wouldn't have known it. I knew that he arrived there on the Osprey a few days before the Excelsior sailed."

Mr. Brimmer's eyes changed their expression. "And you want to find him?"

"No," she said, with an actress's gesture. "I want to know the truth. I want to know if I am still tied to this man, or if I am free to follow the dictates of my own conscience—to make my life anew—to become—you see, I am not ashamed to say it—to become the honest wife of some honest man."

"A divorce would suit your purpose equally," said Brimmer, coldly. "It can be easily obtained."

"A divorce! Do you know what that means to a woman in my profession? It is a badge of shame—a certificate of disgrace—an advertisement to every miserable wretch who follows me with his advances that I have no longer the sanctity of girlhood nor the protection of a wife."

There was tragic emotion in her voice, there were tears in her eyes. Mr. Brimmer, gazing at her with what he firmly thought to be absolute and incisive penetration, did not believe either. But like most practical analysts of the half-motivated sex he was only half right. The emotion and the tears were as real as anything else in the woman under criticism, notwithstanding that they were not as real as they would have been in the man who criticised. He, however, did her full justice on a point where most men and all women misjudged her: he believed that, through instinct and calculation, she had been materially faithful to her husband; that this large goddess-like physique had all the impeccability of a goddess; that the hysterical dissipation in which she indulged herself was purely mental, and usurped and preoccupied all other emotions. In this public exposition of her beauty there was no sense of shame, for there was no sense of the passion it evoked. And he was right. But there he should have stopped. Unfortunately, his masculine logic forced him to supply a reason for her coldness in the existence of some more absorbing passion. He believed her ambitious and calculating: she was neither. He believed she might have made him an admirable co-partner and practical helpmeet: he was wrong.

"You know my secret now," she continued. "You know why I am anxious to know my fate. You understand now why I sympathise with"—she stopped and made a half-contemptuous gesture—"with these men, Markham and Keene. They do not know it; perhaps they prefer to listen to their own vanity—that's the way of most men; but you do know it, and you have no excuse for misjudging me, or un-deceiving them." She stopped and looked at the clock. "They will be here in five minutes; do you wish them to find you already here?"

"It is as you wish," stammered Brimmer, completely losing his self-possession.

"I have no wish," she said, with a sublime gesture of indifference. "If you wait you can entertain them here, while Rosina is dressing me in the next room. We sup in the larger room across the hall."

As she disappeared, Quincy Brimmer rose irresolutely from his seat, and checked a half-uttered exclamation. Then he turned nervously to the parlour-door. What a senseless idiot he had become! He had never for an instant conceived the idea of making this preliminary confidential visit known to the others; he had no wish to suggest the appearance of an assignation with the woman who, rightly or wrongly, was notorious; he had nothing to gain by this voluntary assumption of a compromising attitude, yet here he was, he—Mr. Brimmer—with the appearance of being installed in her parlour, receiving her visitors and dispensing her courtesies. Only a man recklessly in love would be guilty of such an indiscretion—even Markham's feebleness had never reached this absurdity! In the midst of his uneasiness there was a knock at the door; he opened it himself nervously and sharply. Markham's self-satisfied face drew back in alarm and embarrassment at the unexpected apparition. The sight restored Brimmer's coolness and satirical self-possession.

"I—I—didn't know you were here," stammered Markham. "I left Keene in your room."

"Then why didn't you bring him along with you?" said Brimmer, maliciously. "Go and fetch him."

"Yes; but he said you were to meet him there," continued Markham, glancing around the empty room with a slight expression of relief.

"My watch was twenty minutes fast, and I had given him up," said Brimmer, with mendacious effrontery. "Miss Montgomery is dressing. You can bring him here before she returns."

Markham flew uneasily down the corridor, and quickly returned with a handsome young fellow of five-and-twenty, whose frank face was beaming with excitement and youthful energy. The two elder men could not help regarding him with a mingled feeling of envy and compassion.

"Did you tell Brimmer yet?" said Keene, with animation.

"I haven't had time," hesitated Markham. "The fact is, Brimmer, I think of going with Keene on this expedition."

"Indeed!" said Brimmer, superciliously.

"Yes," said Markham, colouring slightly. "You see, we've got news. Tell him, Dick."

"The Storm Cloud got in yesterday from Valparaiso and Central American ports," said Keene, with glowing cheeks.

"I boarded her, as usual, last night, for information. The mate says there is a story of a man picked up crazy, in an open fishing-boat somewhere off the peninsula, and brought into hospital at San Juan last August. He recovered enough lately to tell his story and claim to be Captain Bunker, of the Excelsior, whose crew mutinied and ran her ashore in a fog. But the boat in which he was picked up was a Mexican fishing-boat, and there was something revolutionary and political about the story, so that the authorities detained him. The Consul has just been informed, and has taken the matter in hand."

"It's a queer story," said Brimmer, gazing from the one to the other, "and I will look into it also to-morrow. If it is true," he added slowly, "I will go with you."

Richard Keene extended his hand impulsively to his two elders. "You'll excuse me for saying it, Brimmer—and you, too, Markham—but this is just what I've been looking forward to. Not but what I'd have found Nell without your assistance; but you see, boys, it did look mighty mean in me to make more fuss about a sister than you would for your wives! But now that it's all settled—"

"We'll go to supper," said Miss Montgomery, theatrically, appearing at the door. "Dick will give me his arm."

(To be continued.)

NOVELS.

The story of a certain Fleda Ryprose is contained within the four covers and six hundred and thirty pages of *The Maid of the Mill*: by Mrs. Compton Read (Chapman and Hall). New, from time immemorial—that is, from the date of a ballad about "The Banks of Allan Water," if not long before that time—it has always been the fate (in fiction) of the miller's pretty daughter to lose her heart and her character in a manner which awakens general sympathy for her, and excites universal detestation against the gay deceiver who, being her superior in social station, but her inferior in all that is morally estimable, wins her by base devices, and deserts her. Nothing of this kind happens to Fleda Ryprose; and that singular departure from almost invariable custom and strict precedent must count for something among the claims which may fairly be advanced in favour of this novel as regards originality whether of conception or of execution. Excellent, moreover, is the purpose of the story, which shows how stout heart and perseverance may conquer "by dint of faith, of truth, of love." This is the good old doctrine, which can never be too old, and which is one of those few good things wherof we can seldom or never have too much. It must be confessed, however, that, if Fleda or Elfleda (to give her the full and more romantic name she received at her baptism) avoids the customary sad fate of the miller's daughter in poetry and fiction, she owes her escape more to good luck than to good management. What her father could do by having her educated somewhat above her sphere, and by permitting and even encouraging her to dress herself in gay attire, and what she herself could do by cherishing dangerous thoughts, by dwelling upon mythical tales of gods that consorted with the daughters of men, and by clandestinely meeting a handsome, masterful stranger, in woods and groves, with exchanges of fervid kisses, both she and her father do to work out her destruction. How they do it is very prettily described, with a little too much, perhaps, of warmth and passion, but with idyllic grace and poetic touch. Neither father nor daughter meant any harm, of course, and he, poor man, was especially innocent of sinister intention: but she, on her part, behaved very badly in hiding her secret from him. The man to whom she yielded up her soul, but would not yield her reputation, is a coarse sensualist with a certain amount of social polish and educational veneer; but the language in which he sometimes addresses her and insinuates to her his theories and practice of life is calculated to shock the sensibility, or rather insensibility, of the most case-hardened novel-reader. Yet it is this clandestine love-affair which is the main burden of the story, the chief source of interest; all else is little more than a make-weight of small intrinsic value or importance, whether regarded in detail or in the aggregate. The greatest charm lies in the admirable conclusion, which is more to the heroine's advantage than her conduct gave her a right, or the reader an inclination, to expect; for, with all her pretty looks and pretty ways, for all her real filial affection and her fundamental goodness, she cannot be acquitted of culpable folly, and she betrays many symptoms of a vulgar nature and a common mind.

What is most remarkable about *Peggy; a Tale of the Irish Rebellion*: by Mary Damant (W. H. Allen and Co.), is that, as the writer was evidently alive in January of this year, the tale, being autobiographical, must be the work of a lady who cannot be less than a hundred years of age at the present time, inasmuch as she appears to have been old enough to be personally concerned in the Irish rebellion of 1798, at which date she could not have been less than eleven years of age, one would say, to play the part which she is made out to have performed. Of course the narrative may have been written very soon after the occurrences recorded, and may have been laid up in lavender ever since; but, even so, its publication would be a sufficiently notable event, and it is certainly opportune. Whether it will do much to help politicians towards a solution of the interminable Irish question, or historians towards a better comprehension of the Irish position, matters little; the main point is that the story is very well but very quietly told, and gives an interesting picture of the manner in which domestic life was liable to be affected by the revolutionary movement. For the adventures of "Peggy" are chiefly such as would happen to a girl who occupied a good social station, whose father was a staunch loyalist, and whose brother gets mixed up with the rebels. Prominently in the concluding portion of the narrative figures the "detested informer," without whom it would seem that no patriotic movement can ever take place—in Ireland at any rate. There have been so many Irish informers that it might be invidious to single out one by his full style and title, but the informer in this story, we are told, is he "whose name even to this day, is a bye-word for cowardly treachery and unparalleled villainy amongst the peasantry of the north of Ireland." It should be noted, in conclusion, that the writer is free from the vice of attempting to "pile up the agony."

With only two volumes, and with clear, large print, not at all closely planted over the pages, there is nothing, so far, to prevent a pleasant, easy scamper through *A Little Dutch Maiden*: by E. Erule Money (Richard Bentley and Son); and, as it is a "South African Sketch," the scene is laid in regions which promise picturesqueness, gorgeous colouring, and novelty. This promise is more than indifferently well fulfilled, with the addition of a pretty, interesting, exciting, and even thrilling story of love and incident. That the English colonist should be represented as being to the Boer as Hyperion to a satyr will, no doubt, exactly meet the views of English readers; and, if the charms of "the little Dutch maiden" herself should seem to redress the balance a little, or even to give it an inclination in favour of the Dutch, there is the consolation of reflecting that the little maiden's mother was an Englishwoman, from whom the daughter may be fairly considered to have inherited an infinity of graces and good qualities. Among the occurrences recorded in the narrative is an elopement of so new, so extraordinary, so daring, so moving a kind, that the reader becomes almost breathless with sympathetic apprehension. Altogether, in fact, the writer has turned South Africa to as good account for the purposes of romantic literature as the late Captain Mayne Reid was wont to turn South America; and that without the melodramatic extravagance which sometimes rendered the latter novelist the object of severe critical strictures and no little ridicule. This South African novelist has gone very little, if at all, beyond the limits of credibility and the probabilities of nature; and it is perfectly evident that, even within those limits, there is quite as much as reasonable readers can require in the way of shock to the system. The writer has to be thanked for the variety as well as for the good quality, both of the characters and of the business introduced, and for the generally wholesome tone that pervades the story. The comic part is played with considerable success by an Englishman, who seems to have been created in the image of the "milord" with whom French comedies have made us familiar; and he is very amusing, if not very original, with a great deal of sterling worth at the bottom of his apparently listless constitution. Many of the other personages are admirably hit off with light and skilful touches.

NEW BOOKS.

When a man of culture and taste claims also the divine gift of poetry, he has a right to ask for some attention from the critic. *Lyrics of the Sea: Varieties in Verse, Translations, Sonnets* (Bell and Sons), is the title given to a volume by E. H. Brodie, that appears to be the growth of some years of poetic toil. There is a serious tone throughout, and love, the dearest theme of poets, has no place in these pages. There is variety, however, as the title-page intimates, and the reader will note especially the spirit of patriotism, which is too often despised by the poetasters of the day. One poem, called "The Shadow," written in 1870, refers to England's position in relation to Belgium at that eventful period. Then, as now, we were pledged to maintain the independence of that country, and there were rumours that Louis Napoleon was bargaining with Prussia to obtain it in return for an adequate cession to Germany. How about England? Was she, as France said, only a race of shopkeepers? Mr. Brodie says, No!—

Brave patience, not ignoble sloth,
Delays us masters of our words;
Let France, let Prussia break her oath,
And lo! our hands are on our swords!

The poem is full of spirit, and it is to be feared that coming events may give a fresh interest to its emphatic words. "To My Mother's Memory," suggested by a portrait, inevitably calls back Cowper's pathetic verses, with which Mr. Brodie's poem will not bear a comparison; but it contains some graceful and tender lines. We do not think, however, it is of sufficient literary importance to need the minute explanation given by Mr. Brodie of the circumstances under which it was written. Here we may mention that the "Lyrics of the Sea," with which the volume opens, refer to several noble incidents of naval warfare, and then to the discoveries of navigators, including the Arctic voyagers who found their last resting-place with Franklin and with Bellot. Mr. Brodie writes best when personal feeling gives an impetus to his verse; and a sonnet on his little daughter, called "My Tyrant," will please every reader.

The crass ignorance of most men with regard to what are called the common objects of nature, seems to show that there is something lacking in our system of education. Naturalists, like poets, are born, not made; but some knowledge of the moving creatures that have life might be acquired by all of us. The subject is exhaustless, and there is perhaps no study so fitted to promote the light-heartedness which in these days is so rarely to be met with after childhood. There are few books in the language more delightful than White's "Selborne," and in Mr. W. Anderson Smith that earnest Hampshire naturalist has a distinguished successor. His most recent volume, *Loch Creran: Notes from the Western Highlands* (Gardner), is worthy of the author of "Benderloch," a book which, it may be hoped, is already familiar to our readers. The "Notes" describe Mr. Smith's observations of natural phenomena from June, 1881, to June, 1883; so that they embrace the four seasons of the year. The variety of his researches on land and water prevent monotony. The author has much to tell, and he explains what he has seen and done without waste of words. Now and then Mr. Smith's remarks are of political and social interest, as, for instance, when he states that "the want of public spirit and co-operation of classes is ever a serious detriment to success in the Highlands, where, in the fisheries especially, there is utter want of foresight or regard for to-morrow;" and again in the observation that many of the most thoroughly Highland families are Scandinavian, Saxon, and Norman by descent, as thoroughly as they are in appearance, so that "it appears more and more absurd to talk of the Highlands as peopled by Celts, and subjected to the domination of the 'brutal Saxon,' as we have been so often told of late." Mr. Smith, however, is most at home with "rats and mice, and such small deer," and in searching among the treasures of the loch whose waters it is his delight to explore. His pages bristle with facts and suggestions that are likely to be new to the reader, and questions are sometimes put not easily to be answered. Thus, he asks why the fact of a fish looking to the left, like the turbot and brill, makes them superior in flesh and flavour to those that, like the flounder, look the opposite way? How, too, does it happen that while hares are constantly killed on the railway, such a fatality rarely befalls the rabbit, although this animal throngs the stony and sandy embankments along the line? And how comes it that certain salt-water fish will live in fresh water, while others, "apparently closely allied," cannot endure the transfer? A few strange tales of animal sagacity are related. We read of a horse turning a tap with his mouth when thirsty, and of another that performs the same feat, and, when satisfied, turns the tap back again and shuts off the supply. Then, there is a story of a dog that was accustomed to carry notes to the stable, bringing back a strip from the paper in token that they had been received. A jealous spaniel wishes to be sent on the same errand. "It returns very rapidly, with a piece torn off the paper—the usual voucher for the recipient—but such promptitude arouses suspicion. The letter is found to be undelivered; and the discovery is made that this sharp youngster, thinking the object was to obtain the piece of paper back, had really taken the letter just out of sight, torn a piece off of the customary size, and returned therewith." Mr. Smith believes this story, and, if his readers do, perhaps they will also accept one—no doubt equally well authenticated—of a dog that had been accustomed to fetch a penny bun for his master from the pastrycook's. One day, a halfpenny bun was put in the bag, instead. The dog, indignant at the fraud, declined to take it, and—fetched a policeman.

Rarely has there been a more astounding critical blunder than the assertion of the poet Collins, that, while the dramatist Fletcher knew how to represent "the female heart," "stronger Shakespeare felt for man alone." There is, on the contrary, no poet in our literature—may we not say in any literature?—who has created such a gallery of fair women, and who has done so much to honour the pure innocence, the noble faithfulness, the gentleness and tenderness—indeed, all the charms of soul and body, that are characteristic of the sex. About Shakespeare's women Mrs. Jameson wrote delightfully many years ago, and now Lady Martin, who, as Helena Faucit, did so much in the years gone by to give life to the dramatist's characters on the stage, has published a new edition of her volume entitled *Some of Shakespeare's Female Characters* (Blackwood). Seven only of his heroines are brought forward, but these are especially dear to the writer, who may be said to have lived their lives. Ophelia, Portia, Desdemona, Juliet, Imogen, Rosalind, and Beatrice, each of whom is more real to us than many a woman known in actual life, are the characters selected by Lady Martin. She apologises for the egotism with which she dwells upon them by saying "In writing of these things I look back upon myself as upon some other person"; but no apology is needed, for the peculiar charm of this really fascinating book is due to the way in which the personal life of the author is identified with her characters. The volume consists very much of recollections; and happy memories they must be, for Lady Martin loved her vocation as only a true artist can, and, instead of adhering to stage precedents, carried out her own conception of

Shakespeare's meaning. At times Macready was startled by her innovations, and "My dear, you are entirely wrong in this conception," was a phrase constantly in his mouth; but he soon saw that it was necessary to give as much freedom as possible to a woman of genius—a girl of genius, we might say, for Helena Faucit had gained considerable triumphs while yet in her teens. To Kemble she owed more than to Macready, for he was more ready to encourage than to find fault, and "never lost an opportunity of making you happy." Both were true friends; but Macready was "merciless to the feelings when he thought a fault or a defect might so best be pruned away." The incidental allusions and recollections in these letters are as interesting as the more direct criticism, and the author makes her readers feel with her as well as think with her. Even these women of Shakespeare, whom we seem to have known intimately all our lives, come, as it were, nearer to us while Lady Martin discourses lovingly about them.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor. J. S. (Finsbury).—You are wrong. The variation you suggest is one of those we described as presenting no difficulty to the student.

W. G. (Whitby).—Your note has been replied to through the post. Have you written to Mr. S.?

F. E. P. (Brighton).—Your problem and its history shall appear soon.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2231 received from Bandsman, P. Edwards (Singapore); of 2230 from Thomas Letchford, T. Roberts, E. G. Boys, Oliver Jeingla, T. G. (Ware); of 2237 from Thomas Letchford, C. H. Southgate, E. G. Boys, T. Roberts, Dr. Worthington, No Name (Portsmouth), E. B. Schwann, William Brock Junior; of 2238 from Peterhouse, C. E. P., J. Stapleton, A. Douthwaite, W. Lillie, A. G. Bagot, T. Roberts, W. H. D. Henvey, and C. K. Hattersley.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2239 received from A. Herrmann, Columbus, L. Falcon (Antwerp), W. T. (Victoria), N. S. Harris, L. Desanges, E. Elsbury, Peterhouse, C. Oswald, J. Heyworth Shaw, C. Barragh, J. A. Schmauck, R. L. Southwell, Hereward, A. Casella (Paris), Fairholme, B. R. Wood, James Easton, R. Tweddell, H. B. S., W. R. Ralfe, Thomas Letchford, L. Sharnwood, Ernest Sharnwood, Cholwell, A. C. Hunt, T. H. Moody, Joseph Ainsworth, Thomas Chown, C. H. Southgate, E. Featherstone, Laura Greaves, Jupiter Junior, R. Womers, W. Hillier, H. Wardell, R. H. Brooks, G. W. Law, T. S. Lindsay, H. Angus, Dr. Worthington, Otto Fudler (Ghent), Jack, H. Reave, E. E. H. Oliver Jeingla, Ben Nevis, A. J. H. L., Maggie Hockett (Cork), C. E. P., Section d'Echecs Société Littéraire (Geneva), Winny Harry, L. Wyman, A. Douthwaite, Rev. Winfield Cooper, W. Lillie, T. Roberts, E. Louden, W. F. Scheele, it F. N. Banks, Shalforth, C. R. Lightbody, North-Bac, George Joicey, Nerina, W. Heathcote, Sergeant James Sage, E. J. E. Jesse, Lieut.-Col. F. Lorraine, W. H. D. Henvey, C. T. Sainsbury, John Biddell, Commander W. L. Martin (R.N.), John Marriott, T. G. (Ware), John P. Wilkinson, C. K. Hattersley, J. Adams (London-derry), P. R. Gibbs, E. J. Gibbs Junior, E. B. Schwann, A. G. Bagot (Ratthgar), E. G. Boys, and Black Knight.

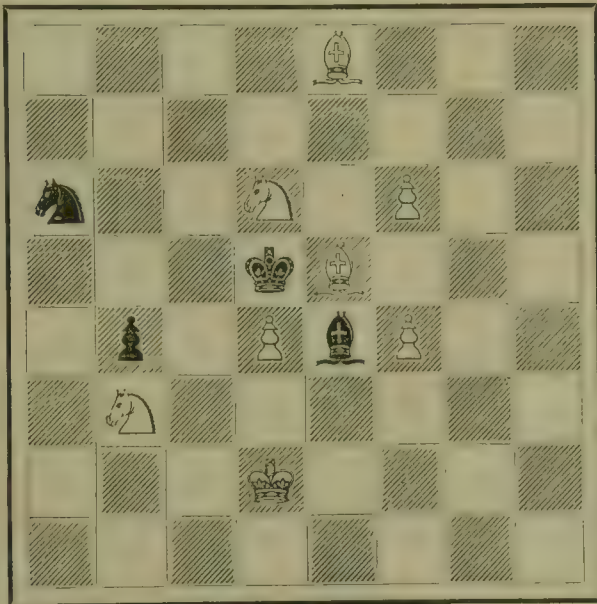
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2238.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. R to Kt 6th P moves
2. B to Kt 4th P takes B
3. R takes P. Mate.

PROBLEM No. 2241.

By J. J. WATTS.

BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

A smart skirmish between Messrs. W. H. K. POLLOCK and BLACK.

(Petroff's Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. P.) BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to K B 3rd
3. B to B 4th Kt takes P
4. Kt to Q B 3rd Kt to K B 3rd
5. Q to K 2nd
He could have taken the Pawn at once, without finessing thus.
6. P to Q 4th Kt to B 3rd
7. P takes P B to K 5th
8. B to K Kt 5th Castles
9. Castles (Q R) R to K sq
10. P takes B Q to K 2nd
11. K R to K sq Q to R 6th (ch)
If 18, Q takes P, Black continues with 18. Kt to Q B 6th (ch), and either wins the Queen or forces mate in two moves by 19. Q takes P (ch) and 20. R takes Q, mate.
12. K to Kt 3rd P to Q 4th
13. B to Kt 3rd Kt to K 5th
Black has now a fine attacking position, and he makes the most of it.
14. Q to K 3rd B to K 3rd
15. B to K B 4th
Mr. Pollock is not in his happiest vein. The move in the text is very inadequate.
16. P to B 4th P to Q R 4th
17. P takes P P takes B
18. Q takes Kt
If 18, Q takes P, Black continues with 18. Kt to Q B 6th (ch), and either wins the Queen or forces mate in two moves by 19. Q takes P (ch) and 20. R takes Q, mate.
19. K to R sq P takes P (ch)
Mate.
Q to B 6th.

The great tournament of the City Chess Club is drawing to a close. Mr. Heppell, with the very fine score of 124 out of a possible 144, is the winner in his section, and, therefore, becomes champion of the first-class amateurs of the club. Messrs. De Soyres, Jacobs, and Mocatta ranked next to the winner, each with a score of 104; and Messrs. Chappell and Block were next, each with a score of 10. The prize winners are now playing off a final round, at odds, to determine the order in which the ten prizes are to be taken. The play in this round commenced on the 14th inst.

A match between the clubs of Bolton and Wigan was played on the 10th inst., with eleven competitors a side. It was a runaway match on the Bolton side, the Wigan players scoring only 5½ out of 21 games.

A match, Lincolnshire North v. South, is to be played at Boston on Easter Monday.

Such of us as have been suffering from the effects of fogs and east winds in this country will be refreshed to hear that the annual meeting of the Port Augusta Chess Club was held, on the evening of Jan. 8 last, on the pavement in front of the Institute, the meteorological conditions rendering it impossible to meet within doors. A little of that weather here would suit most of us even now. A tournament was arranged for the coming winter season.

The prizes in the problem tourney of the Counties Chess Association have been awarded by the Judges, Messrs. W. Grimshaw and P. T. Duffy, to the following sets, in the order named:—"Etak," "Apple Fritters," and "Revolution." We understand that the set "Vive la Bagatelle" would have gained one of the prizes but for the flaw in the four-move problem discovered by some of our lynx-eyed solvers, after its publication in this column.

The chessplayers of the Oxford and Cambridge Universities will play a series of matches in town next week, beginning on Tuesday, the 22nd, with their combined forces against a team of the City of London. This match will come off at the Salutation Tavern, at seven o'clock, on the evening named, with twenty competitors a side. On the following day Oxford will play against the St. George's, at 47, Abchurch-lane; and on the same day Cambridge will meet a team of the British Club at the new club-house, 37, King-street, Covent-garden. On the 24th inst. the two Universities will play their annual match against each other, seven players a side, Dr. Zukertort acting as umpire, and adjudicating unfinished games. Further matches are spoken of for the 25th, but the details have not been yet arranged.

A friendly match, for nominal stakes, was arranged to commence on Tuesday, the 15th inst., between Mr. Blackburne and the Rev. G. A. Macdonnell. We hope to announce the result next week.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF BURMAH.

The strict propriety of this title for the highest ecclesiastical personage of the Buddhist religious communion in Burmah is, perhaps, rather questionable. He is the head of the "Phoon-gyes," who are priests and monks, though not bound, apparently, by any vows of celibacy, dwelling with their wives and families in the convents attached to the numerous temples or "pagodas," some of which are splendid buildings, decorated with elaborate carving and gilding, but sadly out of repair. The Most Rev. Prelate has now, since the downfall of King Theebaw and his Councillors of State, more political influence than any other native of Burmah; and has shown his good sense by entering into friendly relations with the newly-established British Government. General Sir Frederick Roberts, while acting as military Commander-in-Chief, had to take upon him, owing to the indisposition of Sir Charles Bernard, the late Civil Commissioner, much important business of the political department; and on Jan. 15 had an interview with this great ecclesiastical dignitary, in the "kyoung," or monastery, where he resides, at Mandalay. We are indebted to Colonel A. F. Loughton, C.B., principal Commissariat officer of the Burmah Field-Force, for sending us, by permission of Sir Frederick Roberts, two photographs representing the groups of persons at this interview, the other details of this scene being supplied by our Special Artist. The occasion being an important one, and likely to have political effect, the Commander-in-Chief had notified his intention of paying a visit to the Chief Phoon-gye, and had invited as many officers as could do so to accompany him, in number about a hundred and fifty. The Archbishop met his Excellency at the foot of the stairs, and conducted him to the chief room of the monastery, where addresses were read. The Archbishop assured Sir Frederick Roberts that the presence of the British was hailed with satisfaction by all law-abiding Burmese; and that he was about to send messages to the heads of all dacoit gangs, and to use his influence in inducing them to lay down their arms, and to yield allegiance to the British rulers. Among the officers present with Sir Frederick Roberts and his Staff were Sir T. D. Baker, Adjutant-General; Colonel Collett, Quartermaster-General; Colonel Pole-Carew, Military Secretary; Major-General Sir George White and Staff, Dr. Tayler, Captain Rawlinson, Colonel Prothero, Surgeon-General Dr. Farrell, Colonel Loughton, Major Hornsby, Dr. Roberts, Captain Ramsden, Major Simpson, and Captain Hickson; also Colonel Knox Leet, V.O., Colonel Baker, Colonel Budgen, and others.

The Buddhist Archbishop and Bishops submitted to General Roberts the draft of a joint proclamation, to be signed by the Commander-in-Chief as representative of the Viceroy and by themselves, which they asked him to have published. The proclamation says:—"All peoples and races in Upper Burmah are now regarded as English people. The Commander-in-Chief will deal with all in a spirit of love and mercy, and will not allow the interests of the Buddhist religion to be molested. Power will be given to the Archbishops and Bishops who have received the Royal license from the King of Burmah to regulate the discipline of all monks in the upper and lower province according to the rules of their order. These prelates on their part exhort the people, and especially the Tsawbwas and petty governors, not to think of resisting within their little territories the British power. If they do, the English soldiers, well armed and irresistible, will surround and occupy them. The prelates declare that they have asked the British Government to treat with kindness all who submit, and pledge themselves to use their good offices to secure kind treatment for all who come in, and to ensure that they shall not suffer by their submission."

ITALY, PRESENT AND FUTURE.

Above a quarter of a century has passed over the Kingdom of Italy, formed by the union of Lombardy, Tuscany, Parma, Modena, the Romagna, Naples, and Sicily, with Piedmont, in 1861; and the addition of Venice in 1866, and that of Rome in 1870, completed the fabric of national independence and political unity. Mr. Antonio Gallenga, a native of Parma, who has spent the greater part of his life in England, but who took his share of active efforts in the cause of Italian patriotism, and sat in the first Parliament of Italy at Turin, is well known in our own country as an accomplished contributor to English journalism and general literature, formerly the *Times*' special correspondent in several parts of the world, and one of the editorial staff of that journal. His recent work, *Italy, Present and Future*, in two volumes, published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall, merits the candid attention of all who still feel an earnest concern in the political and social welfare of that interesting nation, and in the working of free institutions, now assuming the type of advanced democracy, under a constitutional monarchy no longer disputed by any dynastic rivalry, or by any claim of foreign dominion. Mr. Gallenga's attitude towards the prevailing course of domestic affairs in Italy will not please the enthusiastic optimist; he is a strict and rather severe though benevolent censor, and his general view of politics is that of a stiff old English Tory, not sparing to bestow epithets of angry condemnation upon Mr. Gladstone and the Liberal party among ourselves. Deducting much from his judgment upon this account, we know that he is respected, as a sincere and perfectly truthful man, by many Italians who differ from him in political opinion; and his repeated visits to his own country, the latest of which took place last year, have enabled him to observe the more recent phases of its condition. His review of the whole subject is methodically divided into a series of essays dealing successively with the Italian army and navy, the aims of Italian diplomacy, agriculture, trade, and projects of colonisation, representative government, finance, the Church, the schools and universities, literature, especially poetry and the drama, romance, and historical studies, the fine arts, physical science, the defects of education and faults in social life not yet remedied even in the higher and middle classes, and a general estimate of the national character. It is not very likely that the wisest and best-informed, or the most impartial, of either native or foreign writers, in treating of such various and difficult topics, relating to every important object of public and private activity, should always be right. No Englishman, we feel sure, who had been absent from this country during many years, nor any Frenchman or German resident in England, could give a perfectly correct account of the state of English society, high and low, in the towns and in the rural districts, of its progress in morality and manners, its prevailing ideas and sentiments, and the effect of recent changes in our laws and institutions. Mr. Gallenga, however, as a traveller, observer, student, and writer of great ability and experience, who has made prolonged visits, for this express purpose, to nearly all the great countries of Europe and America, is one of the most competent witnesses that could be brought forward; and to question his estimates would be presumptuous in those who do not belong to Italy, but who heartily wish to believe the best of her condition. He seems, at any rate, to consider that of France immeasurably worse; and we should be equally sorry to think so.



THE BUDDHIST ARCHBISHOP OF BURMAH RECEIVING SIR FREDERICK ROBERTS IN THE MONASTERY AT MANDALAY.

RAILROAD REVERIES.

FROM EARL'S COURT TO BLACKFRIARS.

Few among the millions who travel or have travelled from Earl's Court to Blackfriars by the District Railway are moved to remember that nearly every station bears a name linked with past history, more or less remote, and that some are associated with facts or legends having their roots in what may be called antiquity. To a certain extent, of course, the reflection applies to almost every line of road, whether it be one of iron or crumbled granite; yet there is one special peculiarity about the halting-places between the fringe of old Kensington and the station we have named within the City precincts. Nowhere else, perhaps, could be found in so short a space such a succession of places famous in story. The Wizard Change, or, to speak more poetically, the Witch "Mutabilitie," who plays so many tricks with the dreams of man's other permanent companion, Hope, has transformed everything around them, but spared their names; and these, like magic words used in an enchanted circle, evoke images of the bright and gloomy forms which once lived out their little lives, and now repose peacefully in the bosom of Mother Earth.

Earl's Court House, which gives the name to the station and to the road in front of it which comes down southward straight from Holland Park gates, has just fallen into the hands of those ingenious persons who build "residential flats" in red brick. Within very youthful memories, the road now built on from end to end was a lane, with a hedge and a ditch on one side and a few cottages on the other. The long brick wall which flanked the entrance to the house and grounds also hid from the public view, half a century ago, the pineries and grape-houses and fruit-trees belonging to the "Gunter" of those days. At a later period still, the tree-embowered edifice which bore so suggestive a name was the abode of most pitiable creatures who had lost their reason. But this building was not the original Court House, which was pulled down to make way for it in 1789. The primeval structure thus superseded, or its ancestor, dated back to the days when a genuine and powerful Earl was lord of the manor of Kensington; for Aubrey de Vere, whom irreverent critics say was simply Alberic of the Weir, or Dam, the ancestor of the famous Earls of Oxford, got this small manor, among many more, from William the Norman, who, on behalf of himself and his confederates, did such a capital business by invading and conquering Saxon England. So, after all, the house in the flat lands below the ridge of what is now Campden Hill, and was then part of a forest extending far and wide over the Hundred of Ossulton, was a real court-house, where the steward or bailiff of the potent Earl, its owner, enforced the manorial law. There was, indeed, an Earl's Town round about it, on which, doubtless, dwelt the hinds and other labouring serfs. The De Veres, at a later date, shared the privileges with the Abbots of Abingdon, whence the name of the terrace of that ilk, and also the street or road. "Court" is a very common termination now-a-days. Throughout England and France there are hundreds of villages, like Azincourt, farmhouses and habitations, generally of a substantial character, some moated, bearing names, the last syllable of which is "court"; and every one, unless a modern imitation, suggests a species of manorial jurisdiction exercised in ancient days. Even the former and demolished structure had seen stewards and bailiffs, some centuries ago, performing legal and, mayhap, illegal acts, in a time when justice and equity were not always accorded to serfs or tenants. Perhaps the monks may have mitigated the severity of feudal rule after they had settled their disputes with the De Veres. Their heritage came

to the house of Rich, whose title was Earl of Holland; and, in the last century, after vicissitudes—which included the apparition of Addison and a Countess and young Earl of Warwick in Holland House—to the Welsh Edwardes who became Baron, and whose descendant, the Earl of Kensington, is now the lord of a manor which yields plentiful and mighty ground-rents. The whole region is covered with houses. Holland House has long ceased to command a view to the banks of the Thames. Less than twenty years ago, hawks were seen hovering and wheeling over the space—then filled with gardens, orchards, and corn-fields—between the Gloucester-road and Counter's Creek, now a creek no more, but a railway.

Eastward from Earl's Court to South Kensington, on both sides of the line, gardens had long replaced the arable land and pasture of ancient days. Although an old track or lane must have connected Kensington with Brompton, the Gloucester-road is a comparatively modern highway—a work, indeed, of this century. Not far from the station was Gloucester Lodge, where Canning, and afterwards Don Carlos, lived. The place was originally called Florida Gardens, and was built by Mr. Hyam, "an ingenious Jewish gentleman," who introduced the Grafton cherry. Mr. Hyam, whose name bewrays his race, was first a florist, then a tavern-keeper, and finally a bankrupt. When he vanished, the Duchess of Gloucester built a new house, and called it Orford Lodge. Canning bought the property from the Princess Sophia, and it became Gloucester Lodge. It has been pulled down to make way for streets and squares. The ancient dwellings of note were further east. Cromwell-road is not associated with Oliver, but with Thomas, Lord Cromwell, the *Malleus Monachorum* who worked for the Eighth Harry, and, like so many of the servants of that tyrannical Monarch, was paid his wages on the scaffold. Henry Cromwell, the Protector's son, however, had a house in what was called Brompton Park, long famous for its vines, and for scores of years renowned as the very centre of horticulture. It is said that Thomas Cromwell enriched the British fruit-garden with three new plums, and we may figure him to the fancy enjoying the pleasures of his fine grounds upon leisure days. He had much to answer for as a zealous servant, and, after his execution, he was, of course, duly libelled in verse by the Opposition of those days; which could not hurt him, but it must have wounded the feelings of his family and friends to hear rhymes like these sung in the streets:—

Both man and chylde is glad here to tell
Of that famous traytoure Thomas Cromwell,
Now that he is set to learn to spell
Sunge trolle on away.

Thou dyd not remembre, false heretyke,
One God, one fayth, and one kynge catholyke,
For thou hast been so long a schysmatyke.

Thou myghtest have learned thy cloth to flocke,
Upon thy greys fuller's stocke;
Wherefore lay downe thy heade vpon this blocke.

The verses have no merit, but they survive to show the popular feeling which the ballad-monger nearly always expresses. Cromwell's father is said to have been a blacksmith; but the doggel writer dubs him a fuller.

In the remote period when Thomas Cromwell lived near the road which bears his name and Thomas More resided on the banks of the Thames at Chelsea, the space between was given up to the culture of fruits, vegetables, and flowers of the old-fashioned sort. The great men, and even the King, Bluff Hal, preferred the strip of land along the river for their habitations.

They could the more easily reach them in barges and wherries than either on horseback or in the clumsy vehicles of the time. Still, there were some large houses west of Knights-bridge, and one of these belonged to the Minister with whom Fate dealt so roughly. Brompton Park has long ceased to be. A great portion has been transformed in our own day, and museums, exhibitions, and endless rows of houses make the quarter as populous as the City was in the days of the latest Harry. The footpad and the highwayman no longer haunt its northern boundary; yet within the century the lesser and the greater predatory species frequented the Half-Way House, which has vanished, and tossed off their liquor at the Red Cow, a mile or so westward, and still preserved. All things at South Kensington are new, except the antiquities in the museum; yet almost the entire change has been effected in less than half a century.

Beneath a district, which has also been transformed, the traveller journeys to Sloane-square Station. History connects it with a great name, but few remember, when halting for the regulation number of seconds under the dingy glass roof, that the square and street, and Hans-place, are all so called in honour of the founder of the British Museum, who, following in the steps of Tradescant and Ashmole, built himself a name bigger than they. Sloane suggests Cadogan, who battled side by side with Marlborough, and, marrying Miss Sloane, became lord of a manor now richer in rents than ever. It is curious that Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, should have reappeared in our day, or, at least, that her bright eyes, "tip-tilted nose," and boundless audacity should have reappeared in the person of Lord Randolph Churchill. If he is not exactly like his brilliant ancestress, his character, and even his face, suggest her. Whatever her faults, she was a thorough Englishwoman, and her fame is hardly impaired by the libels which Alexander Pope, who was a Jacobite, poured out upon Sarah Jennings and John Churchill. The glory of Chelsea, three hundred years ago, was on the river bank up-stream; and even there the oldest relics are things of yesterday compared with the stately mansions and pleasaunces and groves which have long departed. The very shores are not what they were within a generation, and only Turner's pencil and old engravings can bring back some faint idea of the picturesque aspect of a vanished scene. The Thames banks are more polished and artistic, and—let us say it—comfortable; but the fine flavour of even modern antiquity is there no more.

Victoria—well, let it be passed over as a place without roots. Who can associate with Victoria, either above or below ground, any ideas not connected with "Cubittopolis," the unsavoury and sometimes tragic "humour" of Tothill-fields, and the curious fact that the tide-waters of Father Thames have occasionally penetrated into the cellars of Buckingham Palace. It is wholly of the nineteenth or, at the best, of the eighteenth century; but we may just keep a little corner, in passing, for the memory that the famous Mulberry Gardens were not far from the spot, and that it was in their alleys that John Dryden is said to have committed what was a great delinquency in the eyes of some strait-laced critics: he was seen, they say, "eating tarts with Mrs. Reeve, the actress!" Imagine the gravity of a deed like that in the age of Charles and James! A gentleman who knew all the actors and actresses of his day, and wrote poor plays and witty—ah, too witty!—prologues and epilogues for them to speak, is to lose his character because he eats a tart with one of them in a public garden!

So far we have journeyed along this historic way, and shall resume our trip in a future Number.



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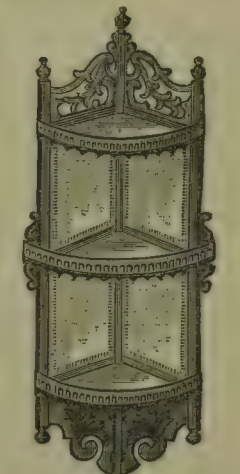
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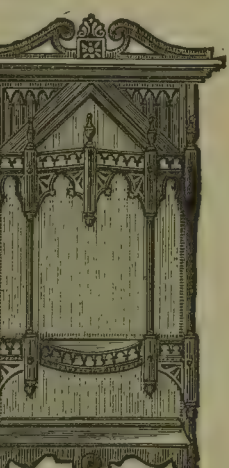
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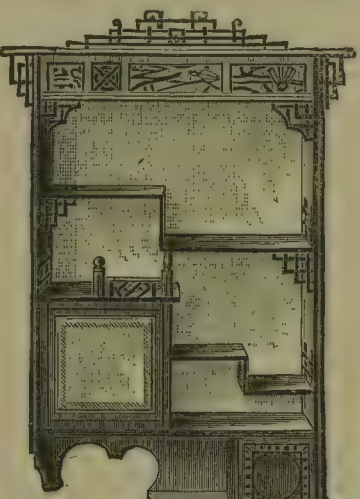
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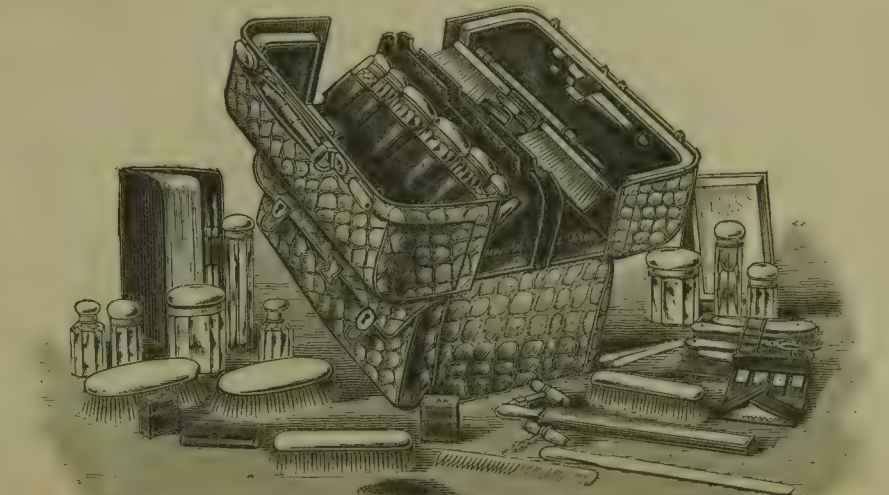
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LIFE OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR WILLIAM I.

ILLUSTRATED BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY WILLIAM I., KING OF PRUSSIA, AND GERMAN EMPEROR.

Born, March 22, 1797; Prince Regent, Oct. 9, 1858; King of Prussia, Jan. 2, 1861; German Emperor, Jan. 18, 1871.

KAISER WILHELM OF GERMANY.

A LIFE SKETCH, BY ATHOL MAYHEW.

PART I.—PRINCE WILLIAM: 1797-1840.

On March 22, 1797, a Royal salute of seventy-two guns from the Lustgarten in Berlin announced that Princess Louise of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, wife of Frederick William, Crown Prince of Prussia, had given birth to a second son. The good Berlin burghers and the amphibious folk of the "intricate Potsdam region" received the news with no unusual demonstration, for the Princely House of Hohenzollern was just then in waning favour with the people. Nor was the Court on the best of terms with the town, or with the kingdom, or, for the matter of that, with Europe at large. Frederick William II. was King in Prussia, and his Majesty's popularity, like his reign, was rapidly approaching an end. Brief as had been his seat upon the throne—he ruled but eleven years in all—his subjects had long since learnt that upon the nephew there had descended none of the greatness of the uncle, Frederick the Great. Pleasure-loving and vacillating, devoid of all definite policy, and fitfully swayed by the cross currents of events, at one time supporting Turkey against Austria, and at another concluding the friendly conventions of Reichenbach and Pillnitz with his ancient enemy—now joining Leopold in the war against France, and then participating with Russia in the second partition of Poland—Frederick William II., by a succession of wavering intrigues, had contrived, by the year 1797, to lose as much in the estimation of his people and Europe as he gained for the State through his Polish accessions. But Prussia was not suffering solely from loss of prestige. The financial prosperity with which the genius of Frederick the Great—consummate alike in Cabinet and Camp—had endowed the early days of Frederick William II., had vanished along with that military puissance which, at the termination of the Seven-Years' War, had elevated Prussia to a dominant Power in Europe. Thus not only were "Vater Fritz's" accumulated resources squandered to exhaustion, but a heavy burden of debt had been imposed upon the country; while the ill-feeling consequent upon increased taxation was not allayed by the introduction of a severe censorship of the press, nor by subjecting the clergy to laws conceived in a spirit of the narrowest orthodoxy.

In those gloomy times, then, when Frederick the Great's life-battle had been fought out eleven years, Kaiser Wilhelm entered on his world's campaign. Assuredly the eighteenth century was in its dotage when Princeling Friedrich Wilhelm Ludwig—as the future German Emperor was christened—donned his swaddling clothes. The spirit of Democracy had spread from France, and was abroad among the Prussian people. Those who were wont to be ruled, were struggling to be rulers. The doctrine of the Rights of Man was being noised about by lusty-throated demagogues, and the end of Kingcraft was prophesied with the termination of the chequered century—an epoch, says Carlyle, with characteristic dogmatism, "with nothing grand in it, purblind and rotten, opulent only in accumulated falsities—a bankrupt century, that blew its brains out in the French Revolution." Yet, although the eighteenth century may have, as the author of "Frederick the Great" tells us, "terminated its otherwise most worthless existence with at least one worthy act:—setting fire to its own home and self, and going up in flames and volcanic explosions in a truly memorable and important manner"—it was none the less a notably historic period, begetting, as it did, Phoenix-like from the ashes of democracy, that famous brace of Imperial Eagles, destined, the one to pounce too soon on enfeebled Prussia, the other, within the history of our own times, to proclaim the Right Divine of Kings, and sweep triumphantly through France heading the victorious banners of the United Fotherland.

Kaiser Wilhelm was born, as we have indicated, on March 22, 1797, in the Berlin Palace of the Crown Prince, Frederick William, his father. Hither his mother, the Princess Louise, had come from her favourite country seat at Paretz, on the Havel. On their marriage, four years before William was born, the Crown Prince and his bride had retired to the Castle of Oranienburg, a birthday gift from the King to Princess Louise. Here, in particular, were passed the summer months of 1795, preceding the birth of her first son, Frederick William. But the magnificence of the Oranienburg Castle, and its public position, situate in the centre of the town, were distasteful to the simple habits and retiring disposition of the Royal pair. On the solicitation of the Crown Princess, a more homely and sequestered country residence was sought and found in the Manor of Paretz, two miles from Potsdam. Purchased by the King for 30,000 thalers, the Crown Prince had the new estate laid out in accordance with the unostentatious tastes of his Princess. The Court architect, Gilly, received instructions to build a country residence "as for a landed proprietor"; whilst the gardener was commanded to keep his shears from the yew-trees and his bill-hook from the hedges; to stock the garden with the simplest of flowers and shrubs, and so to conceal his art that Nature should everywhere be apparent. Here, in the seclusion of his modest country seat, "the Burgomaster of Paretz," as the Crown Prince encouraged the country-folk to style him, devoted himself entirely to the halcyon pursuits of a country squire—becoming learned in the making of hay and an authority on farm-yard ailments. Nor did Princess Louise find less contentment in her character of "Madame of Paretz." Idolised by the poor, in whom they found a never-failing benefactress, and endeared to the peasantry by many a gracious act of womanly kindness, "the good Madame" secured both reverence and affection from the whole country side. "I am extremely pleased with myself as Madame of Paretz," wrote Princess Louise to her husband; "I have gained the place I have been longing for—a retirement where, amidst the quiet surroundings of Nature, I can be alone and removed from the confusion of life; where I am happy in my little home and thy great love."

After the baptism of Prince William—as the future Kaiser was invariably styled up to the year 1840—solemnised by Bishop Sack on April 3, the King acting as chief sponsor, Princess Louise removed with her two sons to Paretz. From birth and through boyhood Prince William betrayed grave symptoms of an unusually delicate constitution. On this account he became a source of constant anxiety to his mother. Imperative commands were laid upon his early tutors, and particularly on Corporal Bernstein of the Guards and Colour-Sergeant Cleri of Möllendorf's regiment, the Prince's first military instructors, to order their exercises with leniency and a careful regard to the slender physique of their eager little pupil. Referring in later years to the precarious state of his health in early life, and the scant promise he held out even to himself of the enduring iron frame to be developed in later manhood, King William, on ascending the throne of Prussia, said: "I would not have believed that Providence would call me to this difficult post. I never thought to survive my brother. In youth I was so much weaker than he. that, according to the laws of Nature, my succession to the throne of our ancestors was entirely out of my calculation. Perceiving this, I devoted myself to the service of the Prussian army,

the better to fulfil the duties of a Prussian Prince towards his King and country." Indeed, his lifelong devotion to his country's arms was, with Prince William, far more than a sounding speech-word. The soldier seemed born within him. In babyhood the manœuvring of troops was said to possess an extraordinary attraction for him. He had eyes for nothing but parades and marches and reviews. Nurtured by drill-sergeants and fostered by veteran brigadiers, Prince William was saturated with the spirit of pipeclay before he reached his teens. At six he was a Hussar, at seven a Uhlan, at ten a Lieutenant in the Foot Guards. His happiest hours were passed with Bernstein in the drill-room, where, unperceived, through a half-opened door, his father delighted in watching delicate little William, with head erect and stiffened back and pointed toe, toiling away with strapping brother "Fritz" and "his cousin of Prussia," throwing his whole heart and soul into the conquest of the goose-step. His love for military exercises became an all-absorbing passion that followed Prince, King, and Kaiser Wilhelm through life. He revelled in manual and platoon, in squad and company, column and brigade. His order-loving eye delighted in the nice adjustment of sack and pack, and strap and button—in precision of movement, in smartness of handling. He was no pure scholar-soldier; his military knowledge was the practical outcome of the parade-ground and riding-school, of arsenal, barrack, and tent. "Had we sprung from the people," said his brother "Fritz," speaking in after-life in the character of King to William in his rôle as Prince of Prussia, and referring banteringly to their widely diverging talents—"Had we sprung from the people, you, William, would have been a drill-sergeant, and I an architect."

Prince William was eight months old when, King Frederick William II.'s reign ending, the "Burgomaster of Paretz" ascended the throne as Frederick William III. Queen Louise, with her children, took up her residence with the King in Berlin. Paretz was for a time forsaken, but always resought with gladness when a brief interval of repose could be snatched from the distracting cares of State. By turns, the Royal family resided at Berlin, Potsdam, Sans Souci, the Pfaueninsel (Peacock's Island), and Paretz. It was a relief to be away from the capital in those turbulent, critical times. "To lay Royalty aside, to be a man amongst men, and joyful among the happy, is as much happiness as there is on earth," exclaimed the harassed King, whenever he was permitted to shelter himself in one of these country retreats. Indeed, by the bent of his homely nature, the King was more fitted for the post of Burgomaster of Paretz than ruler of Prussia. Though capable on emergencies of undertaking a great enterprise, he lacked the essential qualities of will and ambition necessary for the furtherance of all successful kingcraft. He was habitually slow, and somewhat dull; though in all his acts he was invariably animated—though after his own inanimate manner—by a sincere desire for the welfare of his people. In none was his desire more conspicuous than those reforms which followed on his accession, when he at once removed the principal grievances due to the weakness of his father, and called to his aid capable and honest ministers. Foremost among them was his wife. Queen Louise, simple and unostentatious as were her manners, was yet endowed with a quick and keen intelligence. In strong contrast to her refined, gentle, and purely womanly disposition, was her heroic spirit, which the greatest disasters could not break. Acknowledging this, the husband allowed himself to be freely influenced by the loftier impulses of the wife.

Even as Frederick William III. ascended the Prussian throne, the shadow of approaching evil was falling; and as the gloom deepened on the capital, the Royal family sought more and more the sunshine of the country. The Pfaueninsel and beloved Paretz were visited in turns. At the latter place the Queen sought relief in the society of her children from the forebodings that oppressed her. General Minutoli, an early tutor of Prince William, relates that after dinner the children of the neighbourhood would assemble in the garden to receive cake and fruit from the Royal table. Later on, races would be arranged, and the victor rewarded with a thaler by the King. Hide-and-seek, nine pins, and other games made the time fly pleasantly. The Queen was pleased to dance with the peasantry at the annual "Kermesse"; the King was contented only when enjoying her domestic happiness. "My wife," said the King, "my children, and my brothers form the circle wherein I find that pleasure which the throne can never afford me."

And now, on this brief period of pastoral contentment, fell the crisis of 1806. Alarmed by the formation of the Rhenish Confederation, the King had demanded that all French troops should forthwith quit German soil. Prussia was in arms against French oppression, aroused by the watchword "Better to die gloriously than live disgraced." On Oct. 6 she joined the allies of England against France, and a few days later the fatal fields of Jena and Auerstadt decided for many a year to come the destiny of Prussia. Queen Louise had accompanied her husband to the verge of the battle-field, and it was on her return journey that she gathered from the flying rout the news of the Prussian defeat. In utter despair, she arrived at Berlin on Oct. 17, to find that her boys had left with their tutors for Schwed on the Oder, there to await the further orders of the King. To Schwed the Queen followed them. "You see my tears," she exclaimed, at the sight of her children; "I am weeping for the destruction of our army. It has not satisfied the expectation of the King. In one day an edifice has been destroyed which will take great men two centuries to rebuild. Prussia, its army, and its traditional glory are things of the past. Ah! my children, you are not yet of that age when you can fully comprehend the great calamity that has befallen us. But after my death, and when you recall this unfortunate hour, do not content yourselves with merely shedding tears. Act! Unite your powers! Perhaps the guardian angel of Prussia will watch over you. Liberate your people from the disgrace and degradation they will have to endure. Conquer France and retrieve the glory of your ancestors, as your great-grandfather did at the battle of Fehrbellin, when he defeated the Swedes. Be men, and strive to be great Generals. If you have not that ambition, then you are unworthy to be the descendants of Frederick the Great." Historians differ as to whom these remarkable words were addressed. Some assert that they were spoken directly to her sons; but according to the more modern writers the Queen addressed them to the young Princes' military instructors, by whom they were subsequently transmitted to their pupils. All authorities agree, however, that Queen Louise uttered them, and the events of 1870 are cited by many German writers as the fulfilment of her prophetic exhortation.

Soon the Royal family left Schwed for Königsberg; but by December the French were so close upon the latter place that fears were expressed for the safety of the Queen. A move to Memel became imperative. But the bodily and mental strain of the past months proved too much for the delicate constitution of the Queen; so that, typhus being prevalent in the crowded town, she was stricken with the fever. Despite her serious condition, the advance of the enemy necessitated her immediate removal. "Rather," exclaimed the unfortunate

Queen, as she started on her perilous journey, through biting cold and blinding snowstorms, "rather would I render myself to God than fall into the hands of those men." Previous to this, on New-Year's Day, 1807, Prince William, being then not quite ten years old, commenced his military career. The King having arrived on the first day of the year at Königsberg, when the retreat to Memel had been decided upon, Prince William was appointed a Second Lieutenant in the Foot Guards.

At Memel national misfortune was accompanied by family mishap. Prince William fell ill of nervous fever, and the Crown Prince, his brother, was attacked with scarlet fever. In February the drooping spirits of the people revived as they heard of the courageous stand made by the Prussian troops during the two days' fighting at Eylau, the visit of the Emperor Alexander, and the arrival of the Russian Guard. But the battle of Friedland plunged the nation into a despair which was deepened when the oppressive conditions of the Treaty of Tilsit became known. Peace had only been concluded at the cost of half the Prussian kingdom. "All is over with us," wrote Queen Louise to her father, "if not for ever, at least for the present. My hope is gone. We have slept too long under the laurels of Frederick the Great."

The Court had left Berlin early in the war, nor was it until the end of December, 1809, that it returned. The entry was a public one. The King headed the troops, and Princes Frederick and William, as Lieutenants in the Guards, marched on foot through the streets with their regiments. The Queen drove to the palace in a magnificent carriage presented to her by the citizens of Berlin in grateful recognition of her patriotic but fruitless intercession with Napoleon at Tilsit. A brief season of happiness followed—a respite to the careworn Queen, passed amid her household gods—her husband and her children. "I do not complain to live in the years of misfortune," she wrote to her friend Madame Von Berg in 1809; "it will, I trust, chasten both me and my family." In a letter to her father, dated 1810, occurs the following sketch of her son William:—"If I am not deceived, he will be like his father, simple, honest, and sensible. His mien is his father's, except, as I think, that it is not so handsome. You may therefore imagine, my dear father, that I am still in love with my husband." At the period when this letter was written, the days of Queen Louise were drawing to a close. Her health, undermined by a fever of both mind and body, rapidly gave way. Soon after her removal to Hohen-Zieritz she was attacked by her former malady. She sank rapidly, and at nine o'clock on the morning of July 19, 1810, she breathed her last in peaceful ending to a troubled life. The King, in whose arms the Queen had expired, fell fainting at his children's feet at the moment he sought to break the sad tidings to them. "The King has lost his best Minister," exclaimed Napoleon, as he learned the news of her death. As Queen, wife, and mother, as a wise counsellor to the State, a noble help-mate to her King, a faithful loving guardian to her children, her name lived and still lives in the recollection of the Court and the people. Her memory is yet green in Prussia.

After his mother's death, which he felt most poignantly, Prince William devoted himself with even greater diligence to the study of his profession. His successive instructors regarded him most hopefully. The memoirs of Captain Von der Reiche contain a flattering notice of his youthful pupil:—"At thirteen I found Prince William possessed of a sharp, practical understanding, a remarkable love of order, and a talent for drawing. He had a firm will and a singularly earnest mind, for his age." Both will and mind were entirely devoted by Prince William to his studies; so that, under Reiche's instructions, he made rapid strides in the higher branches of military knowledge comprehended under strategy, fortification, and field-planning. Nor was military history neglected, his favourite works being the "Geschichte meiner Zeit" of Frederick the Great, and the "History of the Seven Years' War."

Prince William was fifteen years of age when the French were marching victoriously through Prussia. The kingdom was apparently in the most desperate straits, and the climax was reached when the news arrived in Potsdam of the surrender of General York and his army. "The scandalous capitulation of 1806 is beginning again!" exclaimed the King. Major Von Pirch has recorded the foreboding melancholy in which the Prince was plunged when he heard his father's excited words. But matters, being at their worst, mended. Already Napoleon had invaded Russia with a host, and retreated from Moscow with the frost-withered remnants of an army. General York, who commanded the Prussian auxiliary corps in this campaign, foreseeing in the discomfiture of the French a Prussian opportunity, concluded the treaty of Tauroggen with the Russian General Diebitsch on Dec. 30, 1812. Nor was York's prudence without fruit. With the new year, the King of Prussia, taking Prince William in his train, travelled from Berlin to Breslau, and on Feb. 28 he concluded the treaty of Kalisch with the Russian Emperor Alexander. From that date the tide in Prussian affairs turned. Secretly, but unceasingly, since 1809, the great Scharnhorst had restored the Prussian army by a system of reserves. By 1813 he had organised a nation of soldiers; and, to the Prussian people in arms, the King, having a few days previously instituted the decoration of the Iron Cross, appealed "to rise and expel the French from German soil." The people responded by flocking in thousands to the standards; the Landwehr was formed and the new army, undaunted by the reverses of May, were so successful in the autumn months that Napoleon was forced to retreat precipitately upon Paris.

By reason of his delicate health, but greatly against his will, Prince William was not allowed to participate in the memorable campaign of 1813. During that most desperate year—a year which meant death or deliverance to Prussia—his regiment of Foot Guards suffered severely, losing in a single battle—that of Gross-Görschen—as many as thirteen officers and 842 non-commissioned officers and men. The commander of the regiment appealed to the head of the army to grant promotions; and the King, feeling that it was only by his express commands that Prince William had been prevented from fighting with his comrades, made out his commission as First Lieutenant. The honour was accepted with hesitation. "How," asked the Prince of his father, "can I feel worthy of it; I who have been sitting by the fireside, while my regiment has been marching through the fire?" "Twas I who ordered it," replied the King. "You shall lose nothing by my commands." Permission was again asked to take the field, and again refused. At last, after the decisive victory at Leipzig, the King paid a visit to his family at Breslau, where William was studying under Major Menu Von Minutoli, and here his father handed Prince William his captain's epaulettes, and granted the long-sought permission to join the army in the war.

On Jan. 1, 1814, the allied Sovereigns being in the field, the battle-ground shifted from Prussia into France. Under the command of Prince Schwarzenberg, the so-called Bohemian Army Corps crossed the Rhine at Mannheim, and with the first day of the new year—a glad some year of fair promise to regenerated Prussia—both King and Prince stood on French ground. Slowly, and with a caution begotten by a full and dearly-bought knowledge of the ensnaring strategy of the French, the Prussian army felt its way into the enemy's

country. Thus the better part of two months was occupied in halting advances, under which the impetuous Prince, who longed to catch his first scent of powder, chafed and fretted unceasingly. At last, on Feb. 27, at Bar-sur-Aube, Prince William received his "baptism of fire." Under the command of Prince Eugene of Württemberg, the Prussian Foot Guards led the attack, closely followed and watched by the King, who had his son by his side. The infantry suffered severely, and the King, noticing the Caluga regiment in straits in the distance, and another regiment whose numbers were momentarily growing less, bade Prince William ride across the field to the General of that division and inquire how it fared with him. "Joyfully," we are told, "the Prince galloped over the battle-field, fearless of the bullets that were whizzing around him, towards the fighting battalions, and having undauntedly exposed himself to the greatest danger, he calmly returned to his father's side, the bearer of the desired report." The King was silent; but Colonel Von Luck shook the young Prince cordially by the hand, whilst the surrounding staff officers "looked on the young Captain with amazement." General Von Thile, in later times, often related that the Prince seemed perfectly unconscious of the danger in which he had been; nor was it until the King had decorated him with the iron cross for the act that Prince William could, as he himself said, "understand why Colonel Von Luck pressed my hand so heartily, and why the others smiled at me when I came back." The praise which the King withheld from Prince William on the field of Bar-sur-Aube he freely communicated to the rest of the Royal children. To them Prince William became a hero, and his sister Charlotte, afterwards Empress of Russia, sent him a letter of congratulation to France, in which she said that "all his sisters looked with pride on their brother William."

And now events marched apace with the Prussians and Prince William. With Bar-sur-Aube all indecision vanished from the army; and hope ran high within the decorated breast of the Royal Captain as a general advance was ordered on the French capital. Three months after the crossing of the Rhine the allied armies were before Paris, and here the Prince was again an eye-witness of the bravery of his guards, who fought the French in their final stand with unexampled bravery. On March 31 the victorious armies entered Paris; the Crown Prince and Prince William riding close behind the King through the streets of the capital.

With the fall of Paris and the flight of Napoleon the war was at an end. And now the Sovereign conquerors of the despot of Europe rested under the shadow of their bays, and were huzzad at and fêted. The Prussians, in particular, were the lions of the hour, and Frederick William III. and his two sons were made much of when, at the invitation of the Prince Regent, they entered London on April 11, 1814, in company with the Emperor Alexander, and surrounded by a brilliant staff of Generals. But the honours paid to the now triumphant Prussian army reached their highest when, on Aug. 7, the garlanded troops in war-stained clothes returned to Berlin, and the King, surrounded by the Princes and the Field-Marshal Blücher, Bülow, Gneisenau, Taubertzen, Kleist, and York, rode through the crowded streets to the palace. Kaiser Wilhelm has left on record how the recollection of that famous entry always stirred his mind—the surging crowd, the thundering "hochs!" the frantic, screaming delight of the people, the troops the heroes, and the King the idol of the day.

In the year following the entry into Berlin Prince William was confirmed in the Royal chapel at Charlottenburg, and immediately after this—Napoleon having returned from Elba, and the allied armies being in position on Belgian ground—the Prince, now a Major, placed himself at the head of a battalion of Fusiliers of the First Regiment of the Guard, and started for the new campaign. Hardly had he reached the French frontier, however, when the news of Waterloo arrived. On July 5 he was present at the storming of the fortress of Pfalzburg by the Russian troops, and immediately after this he entered Paris for the second time. Here he fell ill of pleurisy; but, the attack being by no means a severe one, he was soon restored to health and Berlin.

And now there fell upon Prussia a long period of well-earned peace and repose. From 1815 to the end of his reign, in 1840, Frederick William III., assisted by his great Minister, Stein, who was succeeded by Hardenberg, toiled sincerely and unremittingly at the reorganisation of the State, whilst Scharnhorst and Gneisenau laboured with equal zeal in remodelling the army. During these years Prince William remained an indefatigable student of his profession, and was successively raised to the highest military posts. He had a casting vote in the reorganisation of the army, and was frequently intrusted with its chief direction. On the marriage of his sister, Princess Charlotte, with the Grand Duke Nicholas of Russia, which took place July 13, 1817, Prince William accompanied his sister to St. Petersburg, and was present during the wedding ceremony. And on the death of the childless Emperor Alexander, Dec. 1, 1825, when Nicholas mounted the throne as Czar, Prince William was deputed by the King to bear his congratulations to the Emperor and his daughter, the Empress. Later, again, in 1834, Prince William commanded a military deputation sent by the Prussian King to honour the unveiling of a monument to Alexander. But before this last visit to Russia Prince William had been at the Court of Saxe-Weimar, where he attended the betrothal of his younger brother, Prince Charles, to the Princess Mary. It was there he saw, for the first time, the younger sister of the betrothed, the Princess Augusta, then sixteen years of age. "The vivid spirits, penetrating look, and noble figure" of the Princess Augusta, as described at the time by Humboldt, seem to have made a deep impression on Prince William. Old gossiping Baron Von Gager was shrewdly near the truth when he wrote of this visit to Stein: "Prince William presents before all, the most noble and most striking figure of the Court, at once simple, brave, jovial, and gallant, yet dignified in his bearing. He is much drawn by the attraction of the Princess Augusta." Prince William was betrothed to the Princess Augusta on Feb. 11, 1829, and the wedding ceremony followed on June 11, in the Royal Palace at Berlin. On Oct. 18, 1831, the Princess gave birth to a son, christened Frederick William Nicholas Charles; and on Dec. 3, 1833, to a daughter, the Princess Louise.

PART II.—THE PRINCE OF PRUSSIA: 1840-1861.

The fair promise held out by Frederick William III., in the hour of his need, that a Constitutional Government should be given to the people was never fulfilled in his reign. In his last days, indeed—embittered, perhaps, by the democratic signs of the times—the King invariably showed himself an uncompromising opponent of Liberalism. That which the people failed to obtain from Frederick William III. they demanded from his successor.

On June 7, 1840, after a reign of forty-three years, Frederick William III. died, and the Crown Prince ascended the throne as Frederick William IV. He being childless by his marriage with Princess Elizabeth of Bavaria, his brother, Prince William, according to ancient custom, assumed the

title of Prince of Prussia. The new King had given proof, as Prince, of generosity, cultivation, and intelligence. Under Savigny he had become learned in jurisprudence and finance; under Rauch and Schinkel he developed considerable artistic taste. The people expected great things from him; nor were they disappointed in his first acts, which found expression in the extension of a greater freedom to the press, and in an amnesty to all political prisoners. Then, having whetted the popular appetite, his Majesty left his subjects to starve on expectation. For a brief obsequious interval the people respectfully "asked for more," and then commenced to help themselves.

"Young England, young France, young Germany!" exclaimed Thiers in 1841: "are we to have Governments in bibs and tuckers?" Prussia was labouring in the throes of "Junkerism" at the very time the great little French Statesman addressed his astonished interrogatory to Europe. The voice from the bib and tucker would not be denied. The new-born "party" proved a lusty loud-lunged offspring of the people. Rejuvenated by peace, the kingdom was now sustaining the shock of political war. There was Absolutism ranged on the side of the Throne, and Socialism in the ranks of the rabble. Hereditary rights were opposed by new-born wrongs. The House of Hohenzollern was threatened by a House of Representatives. Resurgent Republicanism was planning barricades, whilst Royalty stood intrenched behind the infallibility of the Throne.

In 1848 the discontent begotten by long-nursed grievances, and particularly by the act of the previous year, when the King, in Diet assembled, had declared that he would not permit a Constitution to stand between himself and his people, culminated in the revolution. The movement, we are told, took the King wholly by surprise. The troops came into conflict with the people in the streets, and the revolutionists shouted "Away with the military!" from behind the barricades. Soon Berlin became a second Paris, only that autocracy did not run away, but sounded a truce, and democracy dictated the terms of peace. The troops were withdrawn from the capital, the National Guards patrolled the streets, the Ministry resigned, a Parliamentary Government was promised, and the King placed himself at the head of the agitation for the unity of Germany.

The King, by these conciliatory acts, was absolved from blame, but the displeasure of the people fell heavily on the Prince of Prussia. As a General of infantry, he had been conspicuous with his troops in the streets, and was held, in particular, responsible for the sanguinary conflicts of March 18 and 19. At the outset of the revolutionary agitation the Prince of Prussia had been opposed to a Constitutional Government; but as that movement gained strength, he was the first to see the necessity of a modification in his views. It was he, indeed, who first advised his brother to listen to the wishes of the people. As principal member of the Ministry of State, he signed the Constitutional decree of March 18. But as this conciliatory proclamation failed to pacify the people, and as the Prince of Prussia saw that a struggle was inevitable, he advocated the suppression of the revolution by force of arms before any further concessions could be granted. From a military as well as from a political standpoint, he considered it of paramount importance that the supremacy of the army should be maintained. When, therefore, the people demanded the withdrawal of the troops from the front of the barricades, the Prince replied by commanding the immediate evacuation of the intrenchments. Neither side giving way, a conflict ensued, which at first had the sanction of the King, though this was subsequently withdrawn, when he accepted the terms of the people. On the Prince of Prussia then fell the full brunt of the popular displeasure. His palace had to be placarded "National Property" to protect it from the violence of the mob. Even his person was considered in danger; and on the earnest solicitation of his friends he reluctantly quitted the capital on March 19 for Spandau. On March 22 he had changed his residence to the Pfaueninsel, when a rumour was circulated in Berlin that the Prince had left the capital only to return at the head of a large body of troops. The greatest excitement prevailed, and the Ministers persuaded the King to advise the Prince to leave the country for a time. The King sent his brother a verbal communication to that effect; but the latter, foreseeing that the revolutionists might construe his departure into a flight from fear, refused to quit Prussia without an express decree. This being issued, the Prince of Prussia started on March 22, his fifty-second birthday, for London, and for a while took up his residence at the Prussian Embassy, with Baron Von Bunsen.

During his stay in London the Prince became very friendly with Peel, Russell, and Palmerston, whilst his frequent interchange of ideas with Prince Albert enabled him to gain a clearer insight into the European situation and the political possibilities of the future. At that time a pamphlet had just been written by the historian Dallmann on a "Draft Constitution for Prussia," and the Prince, having read it, found himself in the main in accord with its views. Writing to Dallmann on the subject, the Prince expressed himself convinced that the principles upon which the new Constitution was based would ultimately bring about the unity of Germany. Touching upon the construction of the Upper Chamber, the Prince contended that it would be impossible for the Sovereigns of Germany to sit at the same council-board with their subjects, as, in the public discussion of affairs, there was a danger of being overruled. As this could not be permitted, he would prefer to see all Royalties installed in a separate "Chamber of Princes," with which the Imperial Sovereign could hold communication before any important question was presented to Parliament. Nor did he agree with the proposition that regular officers and staff officers in the Landwehr should be nominated by the Sovereign; rather would he advocate the selection of Generals to command the German Army as the right of the King, and the election of all other officers as the prerogative of the minor States. To this letter was appended by Bunsen the query "Is the Prince an Absolutist or a Reactionist? That he is always open-minded and honest nobody ever denied, not even his greatest enemies, whenever they were writing or speaking with any knowledge of the man." Indeed, there is ample documentary proof that during the sojourn in England a considerable modification took place in the Prince of Prussia's political tenets. Sound common-sense was his salient characteristic; and, obedient to the dictates of the inevitable, the military absolutist capitulated to the more diplomatic reactionist. But the surrender had its conditions. "I willingly accept, with all my heart, the new state of things," said the Prince of Prussia at Wesel, on his return to Prussia to attend the first Assembly of the Diet. "But law and order must be supreme. I will suffer no anarchy. Order is my vocation. Whoever knows me knows that I have the welfare of my country at heart." On these pithy principles he was returned a Deputy for the district of Wirsitz to the first National Assembly.

And now, the period being 1849, trouble again fell upon Prussia. Unity having been attempted, failed by the act of the King, who refused the crown of Emperor of Germany offered him by the National Assembly at Frankfort. On

this the States fell asunder, and the Diet dissolved. An attempt at its re-establishment at Stuttgart proving abortive, all those whose sympathies sided with the Imperial Constitution left Baden. The Grand Duke of Baden having taken flight, and an outbreak ensuing in Southern Germany, the Prince of Prussia was summoned from retirement at Rabelsberg to quell the insurrection. He was appointed commander-in-chief of the army of operation in Baden and the Pfalz on June 8. After a few skirmishes his troops entered Karlsruhe, and finally, upon some severe fighting round Freiburg (July 8), and subsequent to the capitulation of Rastadt, the insurgents took refuge in Switzerland, and the war came to an end. For his undoubted services the Prince was decorated with the order "Pour le Mérite," and appointed to the governorships of Rhineland and Westphalia. In the meantime, Austria having taken umbrage at the alliance formed between Prussia, Hanover, and Saxony, for the purpose of creating a new German Constitution, war appeared imminent; nor was it until Austria's insistence that the old Frankfort Diet should be re-established that the Treaty of Olmütz was ratified and peace again prevailed.

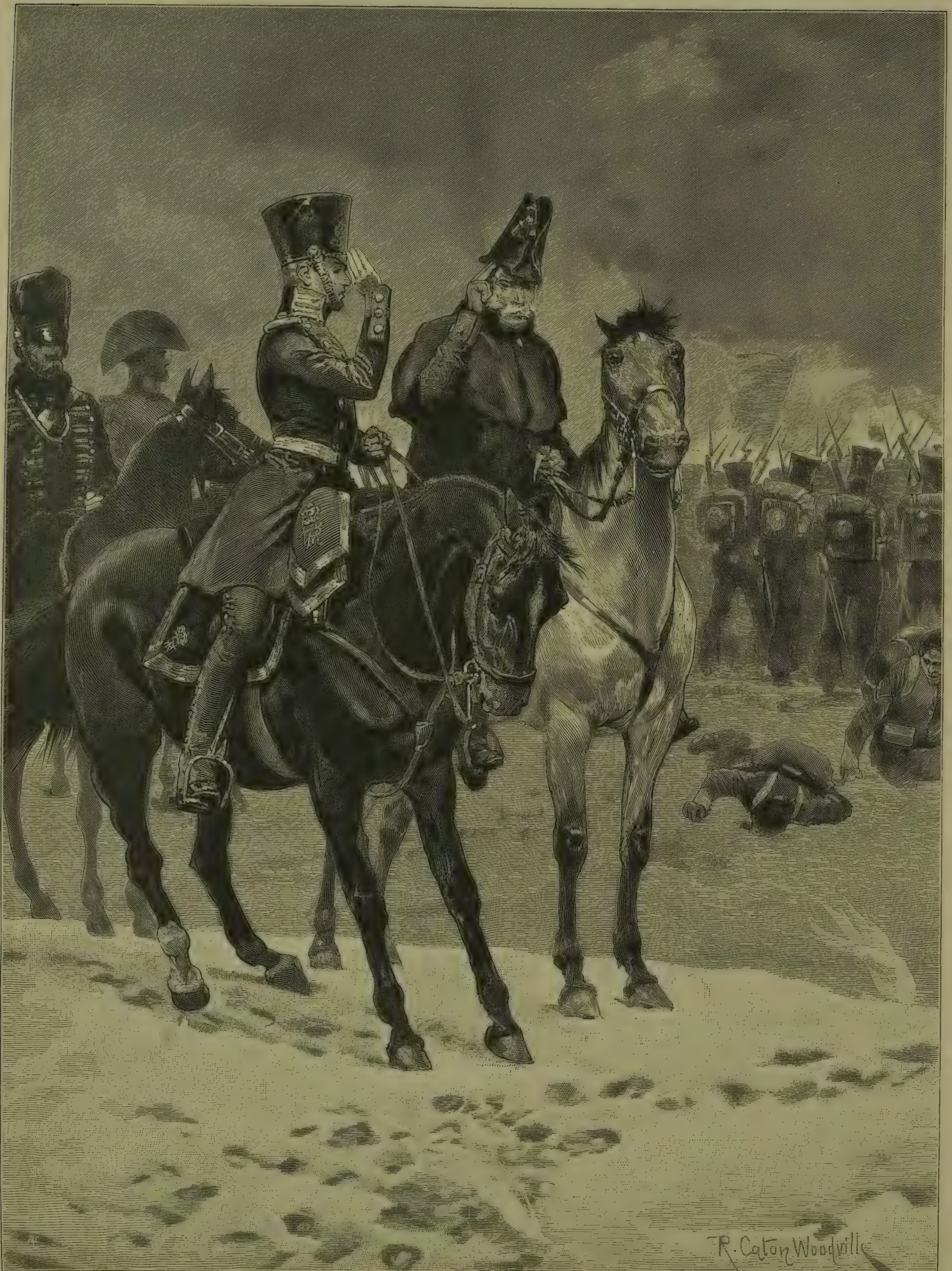
In 1851 the Prince of Prussia was promoted to the rank of Field-Marshal, and from this time in all important affairs of State, both civil and military, his advice was invariably sought—though variably followed. The Prussian Constitution, proclaimed in 1850, had been suffering from considerable change in many essential provisions under the reactionary Ministry of Manteuffel, and the clerical conflicts brought the Government year by year into deeper discredit with the nation. The King was no longer—if, indeed, he had ever been—the head of his country. Throughout his reign he had shown himself more devoted to the cultivation of the arts than the welfare of his people. His mind was wrapped up in painters and sculptors and architects; his bent was bricks and mortar and stone and marble—he was the architect of everything but his own fortune.

On New Year's Day, 1857, the Prince of Prussia celebrated his fiftieth year's service in the Army, and in the summer of the same year the King, on his way back from Vienna, had a paralytic stroke in Dresden. In October he had a second stroke in Berlin, and on the 23rd the Prince of Prussia received a Royal decree, dated from Sans Souci, intrusting him with the administration of the Government for the space of three months. The condition of the King becoming hopeless, the Prince was confirmed in his office, but for periods which never extended over the few months stated in the first decree. As a Regency was not appointed for fully a year after the King's seizure, the Ministry retained their portfolios and acted independently of the Prince. On Oct. 7, 1858, however, the antagonism between the Prince and the Government was terminated by his appointment to the Regency. On this the Ministry resigned, and a new Cabinet was formed under the presidency of the Prince of Hohenzollern. The policy of the Regent was immediately formulated in a speech, in which was shown the necessity of the Government keeping pace with the times. "In religion there had been many abuses, and both Churches would be strenuously opposed if religion were again to be used as a political cloak. The Evangelical Church had returned to an orthodoxy which was not in harmony with her principles, and that orthodoxy had placed the greatest bar on Evangelical union. The Catholic Church had her rights constitutionally confirmed, but encroachments could no longer be suffered. The education of the State would be so devised that Prussia would be foremost in the intelligence of the world." Referring to the Prussian Army, the Regent said:—"The Army has created the greatness of Prussia, though both the Army and the State suffered severely at one time from neglect. The war of emancipation has proved the capabilities of the Prussian arms, but the victories of the past must not dazzle us to blindly overlook the defects of the present. There are many things that require altering that money and time will effect. It would be a grave mistake to be satisfied with merely a cheap army reorganisation, which could never realise the expectation of the country at a critical moment. Prussia should be respected, and to that end it was imperative that a powerful army should be maintained, so that when the supreme moment came she could throw her full weight in the scale." In conclusion, whilst referring to the foreign policy of Prussia, the Regent declared, "The world must learn to know that Prussia is always ready to protect her rights. A firm, and, if necessary, energetic policy, developed with caution and prudence, will procure for Prussia that political respect and power which it would be impossible for her to gain by force of arms alone."

In May, 1857, the Prince of Prussia was decorated by the Emperor Napoleon, through Prince Napoleon, who was sent specially to Berlin for that purpose, with the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour; and early in the following year a still more memorable event occurred in the Hohenzollern family in the marriage of the Prince of Prussia's only son, Frederick William (*unser Fritz*), with the Princess Royal of England. "Queen Victoria's journals," says a recent biographer of Kaiser Wilhelm's son, "epitomised by that delightful book, Martin's 'Life of the Prince Consort,' have told the world all about the wooing and the winning of the Prince, her eldest son-in-law. The reader fancies it is his own life-story that is told. How he asks his father's and mother's consent before proceeding on his journey; how he speaks to her parents one day before breakfast, and is accepted, yet with the proviso that the other party, on account of her youth, must not be told; how this proviso is dropped after a while, in condescension to his impatience; how he offers himself to her on a walk across the flowering heather of a Scotch hillside; how everybody rejoices—but the wedding must, alas! be put off till after her seventeenth birthday." "The young people are ardently in love with one another," wrote Prince Albert to Baron Stockmar, after the departure of the bridegroom-elect in 1855, "and the purity, innocence, and unselfishness of the young man has been touching. His chief prominent qualities are great straightforwardness, frankness, and honesty. He appears to be free from prejudices and pre-eminently well-intentioned." Of the bride, Baron Stockmar said, "I hold her to be exceptionally gifted in many things to the point of genius." Two years after the engagement of Prince Frederick William with the Princess Royal, the marriage was celebrated, on Jan. 25, 1858, at the Chapel Royal, St. James's.

But to return to Germany and the Regent. In 1860, after the Italian war of '59, during which Prussia had preserved an armed neutrality, there occurred a Congress of German Princes at Baden-Baden, to which Napoleon invited himself. The upshot of this Congress was to impress upon the Regent the necessity of an immediate reorganisation of the army, "with or without the consent of the Deputies in the National Assembly." His apprehensions were, apparently, not shared to any degree by the other German Princes; but when they had reassembled once more in the Grand Ducal Palace, but without their unwelcome guest, the Regent considered the outlook sufficiently serious to exclaim: "I consider it my duty to guard Germany and protect her frontiers, nor will I be deterred in the execution of this, even though my apprehensions are not shared by my allies."

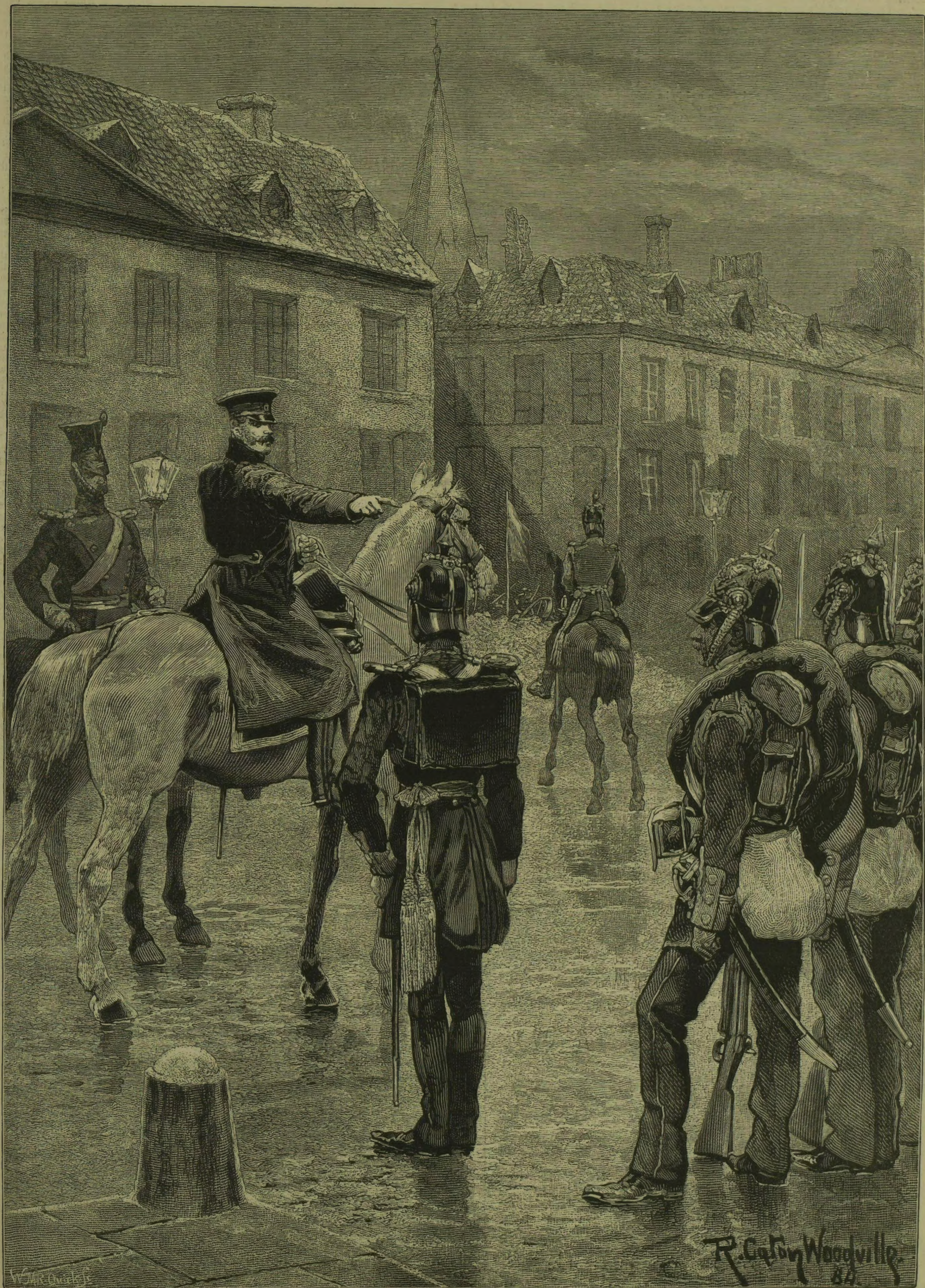
LIFE OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR WILLIAM I.



PRINCE WILLIAM'S "BAPTISM OF FIRE."

— On Feb. 27, 1871, at Bar-sur-Aube, "Having undauntedly exposed himself to the greatest danger, he calmly returned to his father's side, the bearer of the desired report."

LIFE OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR WILLIAM I.



THE PRINCE OF PRUSSIA DURING THE BERLIN INSURRECTION OF 1848.

"As a General of Infantry, he had been conspicuous with his troops in the streets."

PART III.—KING WILLIAM: 1861-1871.

"My duties to Prussia go hand in hand with my duties to Germany," proclaimed King William on Jan. 2, 1861, when the death of Frederick William IV. called the Prince of Prussia to the throne. "To the welfare of all, I shall strive to strengthen Prussia." With these sentiments in his heart the King "received the Crown from the hands of God" at Königsberg, and commenced his heavy task of gathering to his House an alienated people. Ten years later German unity was achieved—ten years of such momentous history as few nations can inscribe on their rolls—and the German Empire was founded by the German nation in arms, and Kaiser Wilhelm stood victoriously before the world, the great living fulfilment of Frederick William IV.'s prophetic words, "an Imperial crown can be gained only on the battle-field."

But conflicts other than Königgrätz and Sedan had to be fought out before German unity—the life's desire of King William's heart—could be realised. The crown was new upon his head when already a bitter, uncompromising war had begun between the Government and the Chamber of Representatives upon the very question of how this unity could best be brought about. The Chamber, championed by the "Progressive" party, were striving might and main to gain their end by the people and the National Union; and the King, true to his military instincts, looked for its consummation only through the army. To this end the Government scheme for reorganisation was pressed session after session on the Chamber; but persistently ignored by the Representatives until a deadlock occurred, and the situation became fraught with danger. It was during this crisis, when the Ministry declared it impossible to carry on the Government in the face of the opposition of the Chamber, that the King, driven almost to despair at the sight of the weakness with which he was surrounded, exclaimed: "If you still find it impossible to pass the Reorganisation Bill through the Chamber, tell me where I can find the man with courage enough to uphold it in defiance of the Deputies." The hour had arrived, and with it came the man. Bismarck, the Prussian Ambassador at St. Petersburg, arrived, obedient to the Royal command, from Russia, to grasp the wavering helm of State, and to steer it with an iron hand through many a perilous storm. Henceforward Bismarck-Schönhausen was to be indissolubly associated with the great achievements of King William's reign. For Prussia soon recognised that in the new Minister the King had found a statesman of commanding type—"a bold and resolute spirit," as Mr. Sime defines him—"with narrow but intense vision, and a will created to go crashing through difficulties, and to fashion a world to its liking." The confidence which Bismarck had in himself begot renewed firmness in the King, and he, who had nearly succumbed to the obduracy of the Chamber (for at one time the King had thought of abdicating in favour of the Crown Prince), girded up his loins again, invigorated at the sight of the courage with which his new Minister threw himself into the arena. From the date when he was summoned to the rescue, the King's health visibly mended. "Voilà mon médecin!" exclaimed the King, pointing to Bismarck, when a Russian Princess complimented him on his altered looks. And now, having restored the King, "the doctor" commenced to prescribe for the Chamber. And many a bitter pill the Deputies had to swallow before all hopes were abandoned of an incurable dissolution. There were both *verve* and audacity in his treatment. He believed only in strong remedies for obstinate ailments. "Germany," said he to the Chamber, "does not contemplate

the Liberalism of Prussia, but her power. Würtemberg and Baden might indulge Liberalism; but they were not therefore called upon to play the part of Prussia. Prussia must hold her power together for the favourable opportunity which had already been sometimes neglected; the frontiers were not favourable to a good State Constitution. The great questions of the day were not to be decided by speeches and majorities—this had been the error of 1848 and 1849—but by blood and iron." And straightway the recalcitrant Deputies were put by "Doctor" Bismarck upon a course of "iron." Thus the sixty-fifth session of the Chamber, which had been an exceptionally stormy one, was closed by the King with the words—"The budget for the year 1862, as decreed by the Chamber of Representatives, having been rejected by the Chamber of Peers on the ground of insufficiency, the Government is under the necessity of controlling public affairs outside the Constitution." And, heedless of popular disfavour, and in the face of Parliament, these military reforms, which both King and Minister foresaw as imperative for the achievement of German unity, were executed by the Ministry in opposition to the Constitution.

And now the current of events carried Prussia rapidly in the direction of war—a petty, unpopular war, it is true, but big, for all that, with importance to King William; proving, as it did to him, in the first place, the wondrous superiority of the new needle-gun over the muzzle-loader, and the splendid working of the reorganised army; and in the second, the masterly diplomacy of Bismarck, who had induced Austria to draw the sword with Prussia, in direct contradiction to her traditional policy. The method by which Bismarck had brought his alliance about was, at the time, the more inexplicable, by reason of the serious dispute in which Prussia had previously involved herself with Austria over the Zollverein question, and the rupture at Gastein upon the refusal of King William to attend the proposed Congress of Princes at Frankfurt. But by whatever stratagem this co-operation was effected, the fact remained that Austria had been induced by Bismarck to join Prussia in maintaining the alleged rights of Holstein as a member of the German Federation, and thus upholding the London protocol of 1852, a document which both Prussia and Austria had signed. Late in the year 1863, King Christian of Denmark, having just succeeded Frederick VII., federal troops were dispatched to the Duchies, nominally to secure the observance by the new King of the engagements of his predecessors. But their presence emboldened the German population to demonstrate in favour of the Prince of Augustenburg, who claimed to be the true Duke of Holstein, although his father had formally renounced all rights to these pretensions. At this crisis Prussia and Austria appealed to the Bund to be empowered to occupy Schleswig, in justice, as they put it, "to the Danish King and the Duchies." This proposition being rejected, independent action was advised by Bismarck, and the war against Denmark in Schleswig-Holstein commenced. From the outset, when negotiations were pending, down to the declaration of hostilities, the Prussian Landtag had obstinately refused to grant the necessary sinews of war. The Deputies replied to the importunities of the Government by asserting that, in their opinion, the money would not be spent in "the true interest of the Duchies or Germany, or in the interest of the Crown or the country." To which the King answered, on Dec. 27: "The direction which my Government has taken in its foreign policy is the result of due consideration. My resolution has been formed in regard to the treaties that have been concluded with Prussia, and in

consideration of the present European situation and our own position. German rights in the Duchies must be upheld, and the means are justified by which Prussia endeavours to attain her end, even though that end has to be accomplished by force of arms." At the conclusion of this speech, the King said with much dignity: "The House cannot take upon itself the heavy responsibility of refusing the necessary means, or, in granting them, of imposing conditions which would be an encroachment on the rights of my crown. I cannot understand the reason which induces the House to press my Government incessantly to action, and that, too, at the moment when action should be taken only in the field. Least of all can I understand that these means which I demand for the protection of the right and the honour of the country should be used otherwise than for this purpose, and for which my word is sufficient guarantee. These doubts stand in utter contradiction to the confidence the Prussian people are wont to place in the words of their Kings." The Prussian Landtag, however, obstinately refused to vote moneys for the furtherance of this war; and with the action of the deputies the House was closed. At this juncture Bismarck carried out his characteristically expressed intention "to take the money where he could find it;" and having found it, the war opened.

In the Schleswig-Holstein campaign the King took no active part; but the Crown Prince was a conspicuous General in command. At the time when power was confided to him, disputes had broken out among the Prussian Generals; but his tact and good temper soon restored peace to head-quarters, and from the skirmish at the Dannewerke to the storming of Döppel matters went smoothly and successfully with the Prussians, despite the splendid heroism displayed by the vastly overmatched but undaunted Danish army.

And now, the spoils of war being the victor's, Schleswig and Holstein became—as the far-seeing policy of Bismarck had doubtless schemed it—the bones of contention between the two great Teutonic Powers. Austria favoured the claims of the Duke of Augustenburg to the sovereignty of Holstein, but Prussia protested, and demanded Kiel as a harbour. Austria, having equal rights in Kiel, and jealous of the rising German navy, refused her assent. Both countries being brought by these dissensions to the verge of war, hostilities were in sight in 1865, and only prevented for a time by the Gastein convention, by which King William gained Lauenburg, and it was agreed that Austria should administer Holstein, and Prussia Schleswig.

But the success of the Danish campaign had thoroughly aroused the warlike spirit of the nation; and upon this, it is said Bismarck commenced to work, so as to settle, once for all, the question raised by Frederick the Great—whether the House of Hapsburg or of Hohenzollern should prevail in Germany. The opportunity was too tempting to be passed. In Prussia, the mass of the population was now thoroughly loyal, and the army splendidly organised; in Austria, unrest was apparent among the Hungarians and Slavs. The moment had come and was grasped, when the Austrian Governor of Holstein summoned the assembly of the States. Prussian troops at once occupied Holstein, and those of Austria were driven from the Duchy. War was declared; and the Austrian Government, on June 14, mobilised the forces of the Bund against Prussia. The majority of the small States sided with Austria; but Bismarck won Italy to his side with Venice for the bribe.

(To be continued.)



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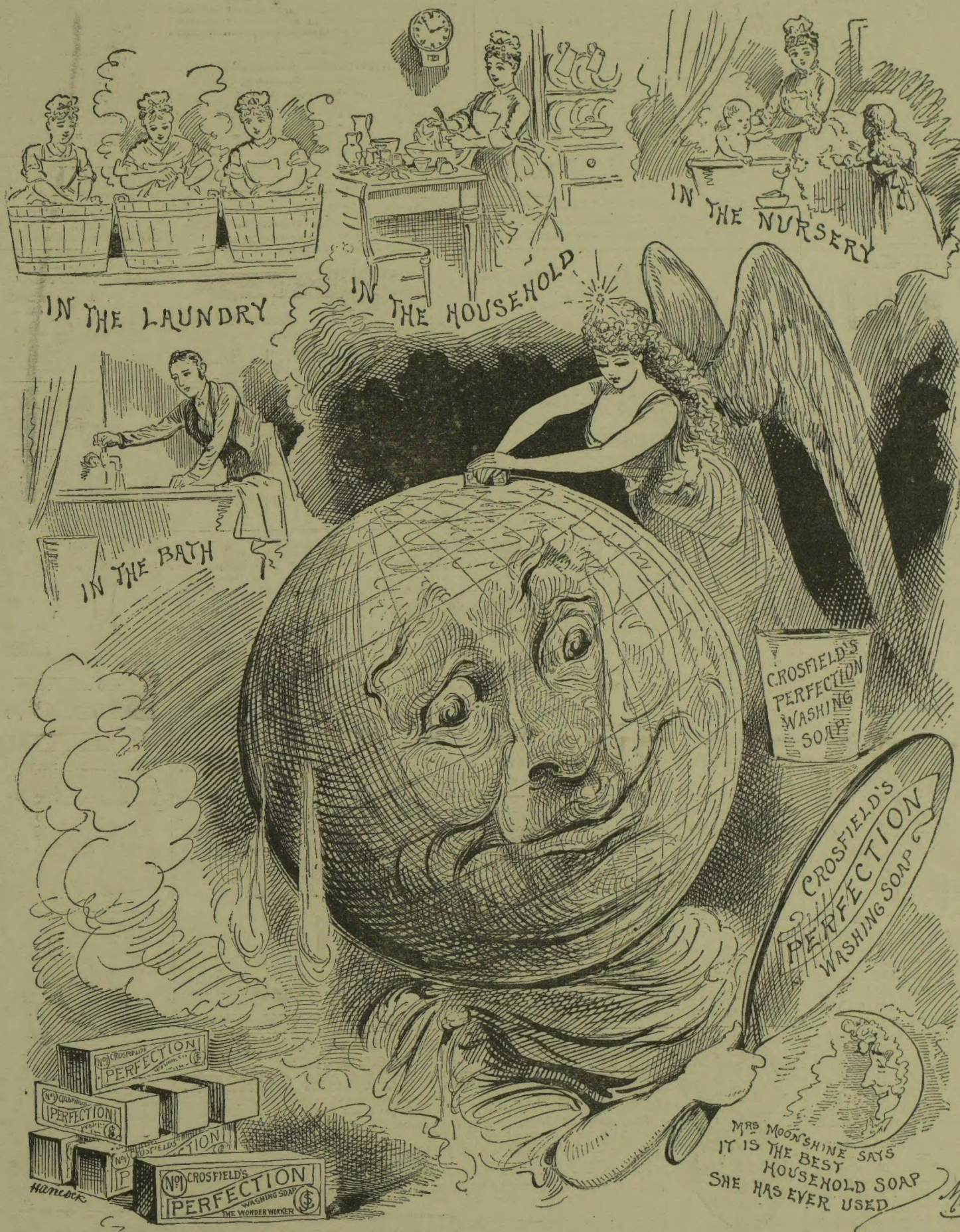
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In every rank, of Poet, Warrior, Sage,
Some are at rest who once upheld her hands.
Progress and Love have left behind their trace
In many a fair and many a lasting form;
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For "Crosfield's Soap" alone, "Perfection's" brand
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So "Crosfield's" having gained "Perfection's" place,
Offer their Soap to beautify our race.

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* The well-known story of Archimedes (died B.C. 212), alluded to, is as follows:—
"Being one day in the bath at Syracuse, and pondering on the means of ascertaining the comparative weight of bodies, the idea which we now know as 'Specific Gravity' occurred to him on noticing the displacement of the water by his own body in the bath. He immediately rushed naked through the streets to his house, shouting 'Eureka,' 'I have found it.'"

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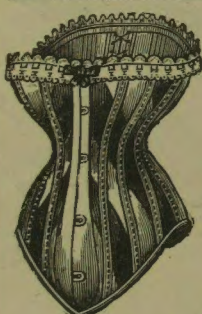
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